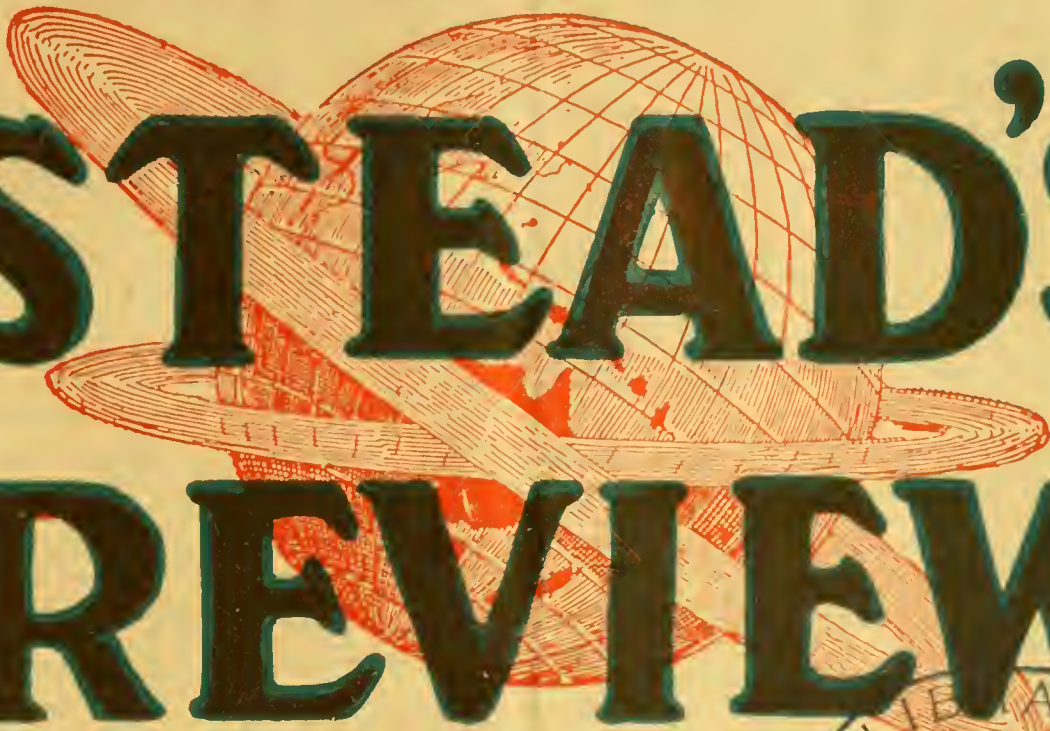


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6d.

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THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

By HENRY STEAD.

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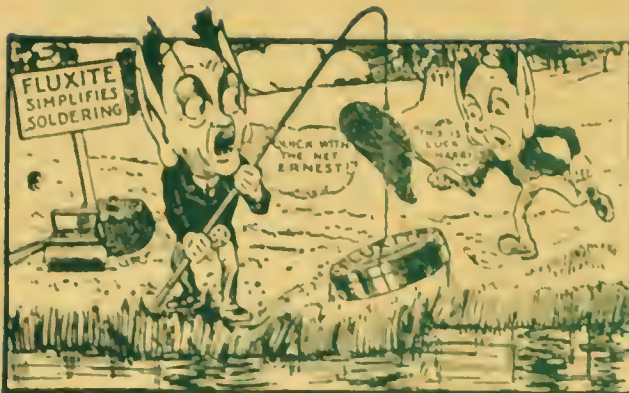
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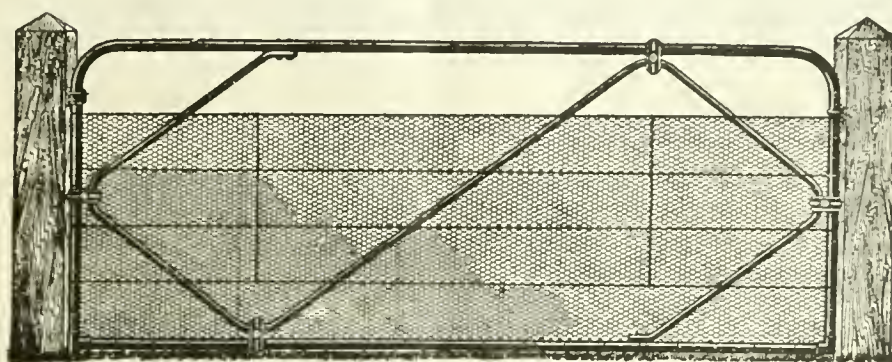


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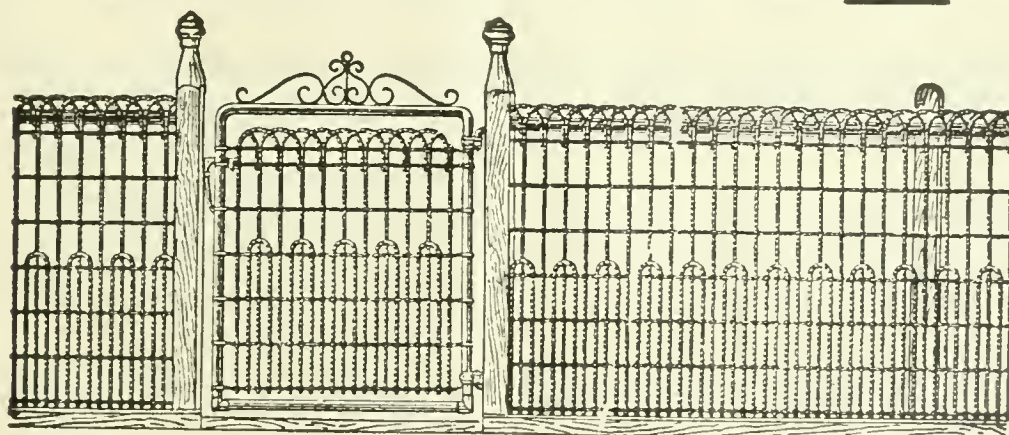


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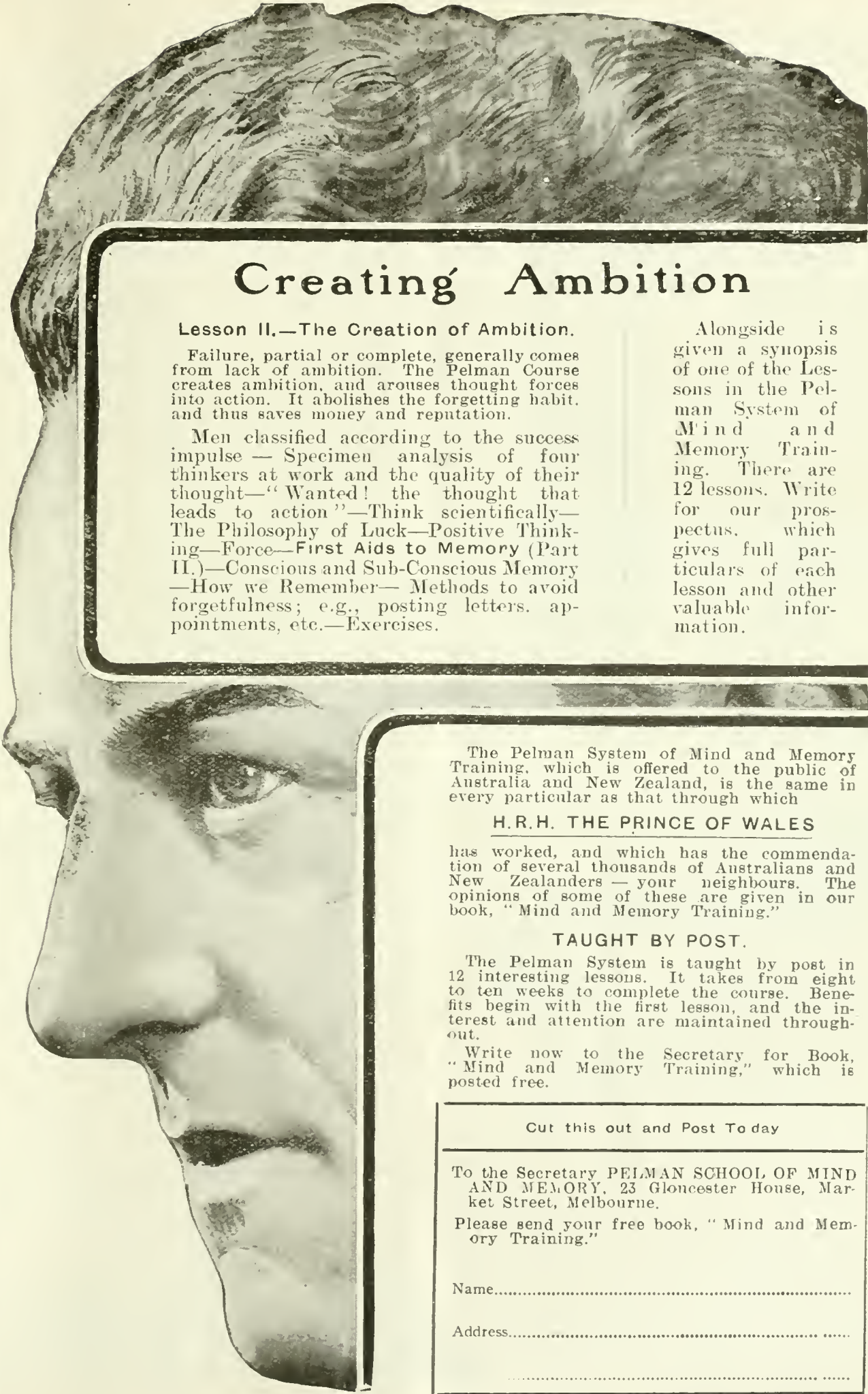
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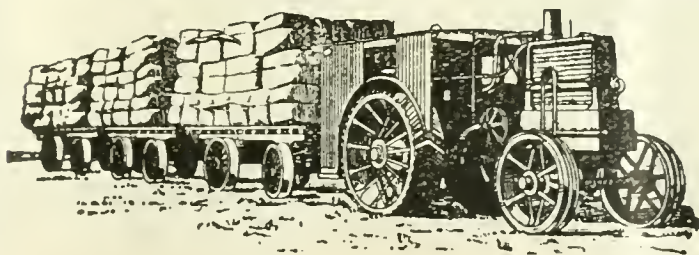
EDITORIAL : BUY A BALE !

The Southern cotton planters of the United States were threatened some months ago with financial disaster. At least half the record-breaking crop which was then being gathered in would be left on the planters' hands owing to the closing of the principal markets for this product by the European war. This surplus of from eight to ten million bales threatened to depress prices to a ruinous figure, and to impose upon a great section a financial crisis, the effects of which would be felt throughout the nation. A typical American solution has been found, and the planters have been saved from bankruptcy. On another page we give Secretary McAdoo's reply to the deputation of business men who waited upon him. Having found that they could expect no legislative assistance, and that there was no chance of the surplus cotton being bought up by the Federal Government, they proceeded to devise a scheme which has been put in action with conspicuous success. This was that everybody who could afford to invest fifty dollars should combine patriotism with a hope of profit, buy a bale of cotton at the arbitrary price of ten cents a pound, and hold it for a year, or until the market becomes normal again. By this plan the South, aided by her friends in other sections, can put into circulation 400,000,000 dollars before the end of the cotton season. Among the thousands of individuals who have already responded to the "buy-a-bale" slogan are doctors, lawyers, preachers, school-teachers, and even the President of the United States, while many cities and great commercial and industrial corporations are buying in lots ranging from hundreds to thousands, and even hundreds of thousands, of bales. This "baling out the South" started as a Georgia enterprise, but it is now a nation-wide crusade, with a result that where one bale of cotton moved before the scheme was started, thou-

sands are moving now. They are moving out of the market, swiftly and steadily, at ten cents a pound. And the people who are buying them are going to hold them until profitable prices are established. More and more cotton is in demand. Less and less cotton is for sale. The South is not to be sacrificed. The South is to be saved, fortified, enriched; and the common country will share its prosperity. Not only has the South been saved, but those who have bought a bale are likely to net in time quite a nice little profit. Obviously, though, the movement is only an emergency measure, and must be backed up by a curtailment of next year's crop. One obvious result of the crisis will be that the United States, which has been consuming every year more and more of its own home-grown cotton, will make great efforts to largely increase the local demand.

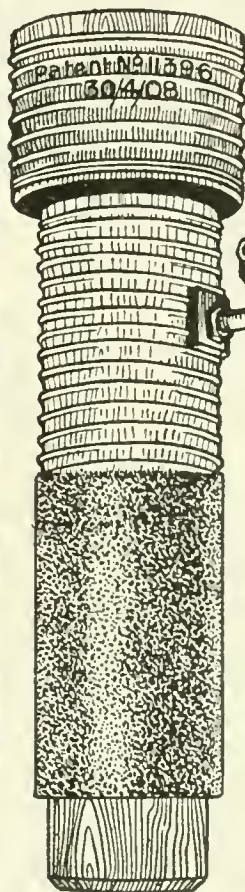
Wool is an even more vital staple product to Australia than is cotton to the United States, but the position here is almost as bad for the sheep farmer as for the cotton grower across the Pacific. Owing to the war Germany and Austria, who between them take 30 per cent. of our wool, are, of course, buying none. Actually, the proportion they take is considerably greater than this, as much of the wool which Germany ultimately got was consigned to Great Britain or Belgium in the first instance. In 1913, according to our statistics. Germany bought only £4,000,000 worth of our wool, but according to the German statement of imports, which gives country of origin, the true amount was £7,000,000. Of our total wool production last year Great Britain took 22 per cent., the European countries 65 per cent. (Germany and France took it nearly all between them), United States 6 per cent., Japan, China, and India 1 per cent., and 6 per cent. was consumed

locally. Owing to the embargo on exporting wool to any country but Great Britain, it is obvious that at least 70 per cent. of our wool is going to be left on our hands. Last year the value of the clip was £26,000,000, this means therefore that there will be at least £18,000,000 less money coming into the country this year than last. Actually the position is worse, because the Continental nations and America buy almost all our merino wool, which is, of course, more valuable than cross-bred. At first the burden will fall most heavily upon the great mercantile houses, who make a practice of making advances to sheep owners on account of their clip, but ultimately, of course, it must fall on the farmer himself. The large man will perhaps be able to stand it, but the small man may go under. Under the circumstances it seems a suicidal policy to prohibit the export of wool to America. It cannot now reach Germany by that route, even if the Germans wanted it, which, as all their factories are at a standstill, they do not, because the North Sea is closed, and everything consigned to Italy must be taken by ships which will certainly be searched at the Straits of Gibraltar. The reduction of the tariff was expected to result in a great increase of our wool export to the States. They want wool badly there, why should we not let them have it? If matters get still more critical, it might be well for us to seriously consider some adaptation of the American buy-a-bale scheme. Clearly, the matter is not quite so simple with wool as with cotton, owing to the great variation in the quality of the wool in a bale, but some way out of the difficulty could undoubtedly be found. It may yet be necessary to save the sheep-owners in some such way. Let us act ourselves for once, not look to the State to help us out of every trouble.



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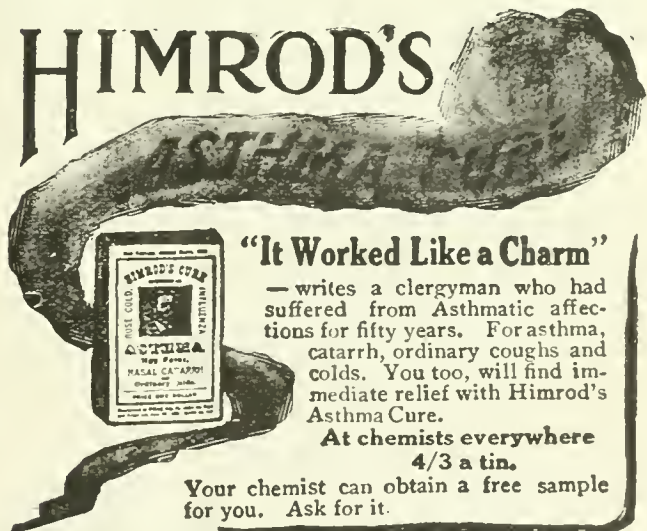
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EDITED BY HENRY STEAD.

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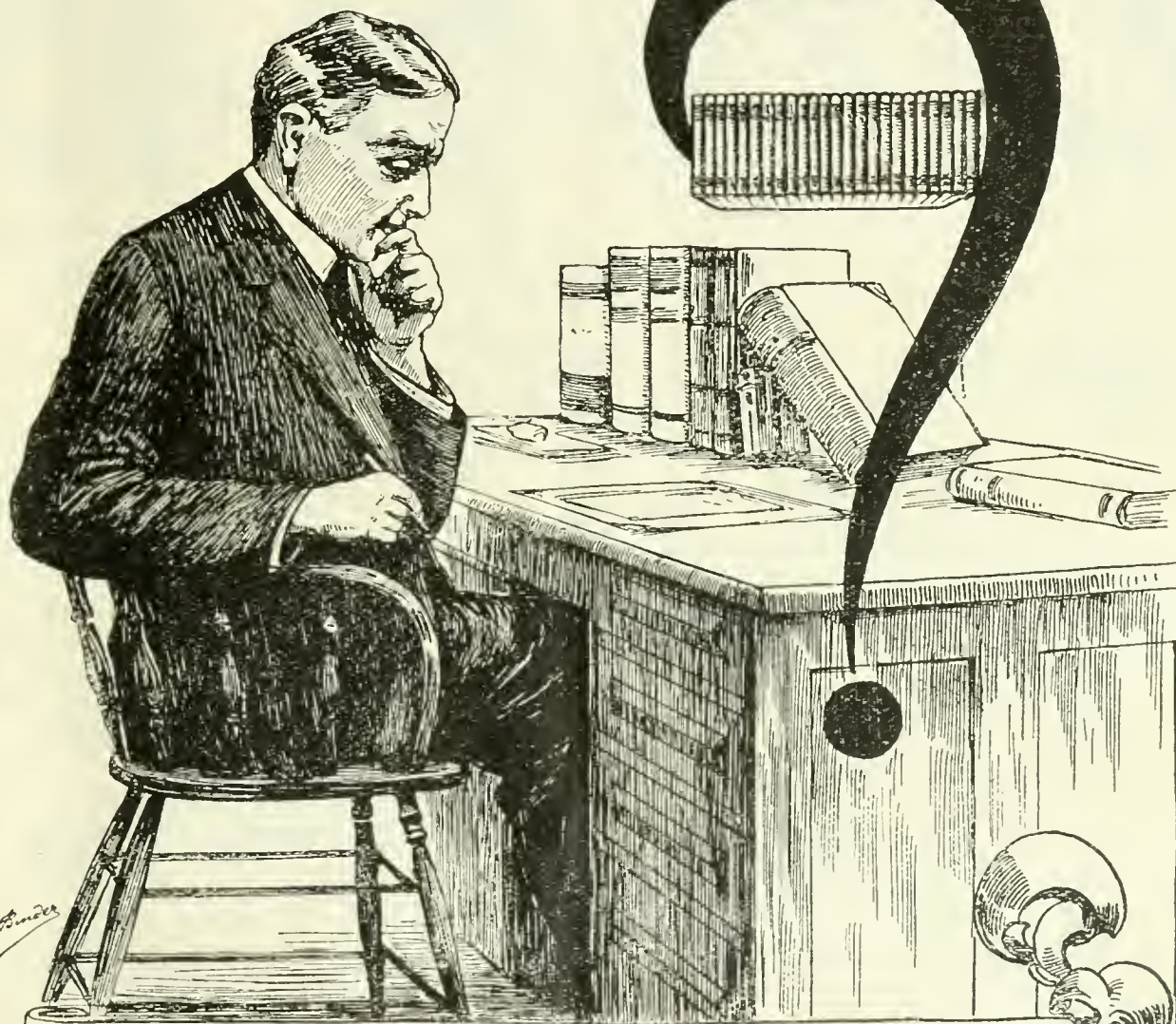


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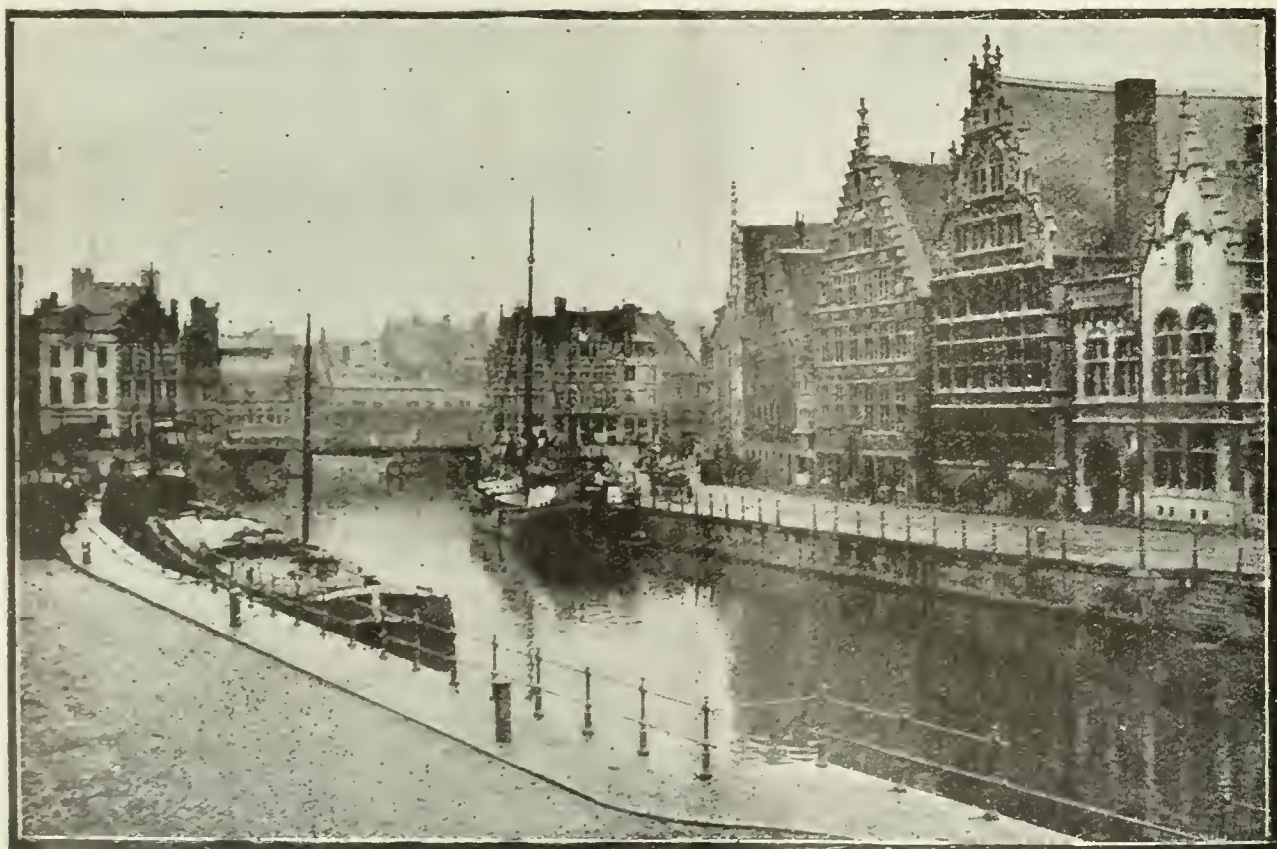
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VIEW IN HISTORIC GHENT, NOW IN GERMAN HANDS.

The Maritime Quay on the Terneuzen Canal, which connects Ghent with the sea.

STEAD'S REVIEW

OF REVIEWS.

EDITED BY

HENRY STEAD.

PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

DECEMBER 3, 1914.

The War.

We know little of what is really going on in France, but we have no reliable news at all about events in Poland. We are told one day that millions of Russians are marching through Warsaw *en route* to the Prussian frontier, on another that the Germans, under von Mackensen, have been surrounded, that they cannot escape, that they are vainly trying to break through the contracting steel ring of the Russians, that they are almost frozen and short of ammunition, and lack food. Next we learn that they have smashed their way out of the trap, because the Russians were not numerous enough to hold them, that von Hindenberg, the most successful general the war has produced on the German side, was sweeping down from the north to rescue the three endangered army corps, and that the Russians have captured 8000 Germans and some 50,000 Austrians. Later comes a report from Berlin that 12,000 Russians and much artillery have been taken by the Germans. What are we to believe? I think we may certainly assume that in the retreat from Warsaw von Mackensen and 150,000 men were almost surrounded, and that at first the Russians scored heavily. The fact that the only other German force mentioned is at Thorn seems to prove my assumption of last month that the Germans only made a

raid to Warsaw, and that the three army corps mentioned formed the bulk of the raiders. Whilst the Russians were hurling back these raiders von Hindenberg evidently won a considerable success south of Thorn, meeting the Russians, who were advancing along the Vistula, and driving them before him. Storming after the retiring Germans the Russians overtook them near Lodz, passed them, and continued their march towards the Prussian frontier, leaving what was considered a large enough force to account for the almost surrounded Germans. The latter proved a harder nut than expected, and von Mackensen appears to have joined hands with von Hindenberg. Clearly, therefore, the position of the Russians who have gone on towards the frontier is likely to become a very precarious one, as it is quite possible that they may in turn be surrounded, their escape to the south being prevented by the German troops from Breslau. This, of course, is all assumption, but the fact that the Russians only claim to have taken so few prisoners—we have been accustomed to their sweeping in a hundred thousand at a time—and the absence of any mention of heavy artillery being captured, would certainly seem to show that the Russians have not won the great victory we were hoping for. At the same time there is no need to worry about that; reverses must be expected, and whilst the Germans may

hold back the Russians here and there, it will soon prove vain to battle against the irresistible forces the Tsar has at his disposal. His soldiers are practically all young men, between twenty and thirty, selected men, too, whereas, the Germans and French are not—everyone has to fight.

Why the Germans Fight in Poland.

It is at first sight rather puzzling to know why the Germans should fight at all in Poland. There are practically no railways, the roads are bad, and the country is not suitable for modern warfare. So far as Germany herself is concerned, the presence of Russians in force in Poland does not matter much. It is hardly possible that the Russians could smash through the prepared positions on the Posen-Breslau line or cross the Vistula in East Prussia. Why, then, are the Germans making such desperate efforts in Poland, where they must be immensely hampered by the lack of railways, and the terrible weather? The answer, I think, is petrol. The Germans get most of their petroleum from the oil wells of Galicia, and Russia threatens these; has probably already taken those which lie to the east. Strategically, the possession of the province does not greatly matter one way or the other. The Carpathians form the natural frontier between Russia and Austria, but actually the loss of Galicia may most seriously cripple Germany. In the days of Napoleon, as that great leader said, an army marched on its stomach, to-day it marches on petrol as well. The rapidity of the German movements is due to motor traction, their aeroplanes depend absolutely on petrol for motive power. Without it Zeppelins are powerless. The deadly submarine relies upon oil fuel for its Diesel engines. The machine guns which have again and again decided engagements in the Germans' favour, have been able to reach the critical spot so promptly because they are mounted on motor cars. As the supply of horses must be very rapidly diminishing, the demand for petrol-driven means of swift locomotion will increase. The whole of the great German military machine needs petroleum, not only to

grease its wheels, but to make them turn, and, thanks to Great Britain, the only place where supplies of this invaluable fuel can be obtained is from Galicia. Hence we can understand the absolute necessity of keeping control of the oil wells there. It is quite possible that a shortage of petrol may determine the outcome of the war long before any of the nations involved are starving or bankrupt.

Britain's Work.

One has quite a thrill of pride when one realises that it is Great Britain which is causing the desperate German efforts in Poland. It is safe to say, in view of the fighting since the war began, that if Germany had not been cut off from the outside world, the chances of defeating her would have been very slight. As things are, she must produce everything she needs, and nature has not given her any petroleum within her own borders, or been lavish with supplies of lead and copper. Now, both these metals must be required in enormous quantities by the German armies. The wastage in field guns is great, and the expenditure in shells baffles the imagination. Thanks to the discoveries of her chemists, she has been able to win from the air the only ingredients for making explosives nature had not put into her soil, but petroleum, copper and lead, these things she must have. The ceaseless blockade our ships are grimly keeping through calm and wild weather will, I am convinced, be the greatest factor of all in reducing Germany, more potent even than the Russians battering with ever increasing violence at her Eastern frontiers. The need for defending Cracow is obvious, it guards the route to Bohemia, the real road the Russians must take to reach Berlin. The failure to reduce Przemsyl demonstrates that the Russians lack the terrible siege guns of the Germans, and Cracow is not likely to fall as quickly as the Russians seem to think, although, of course, it is nothing like so formidable a fortress as Przemsyl. It cannot be besieged for long, as the Germans will be able to throw strong forces from Silesia on any investing army.

The Near East.

The position of Servia is unsatisfactory, and the Servians are evidently greatly in need of the Russian reinforcements which it is said are being sent them. They have put up a brave fight, but after two other wars their equipment will certainly be bad, and they have not had any money to spare for new guns and rifles. It is an ironical commentary on our civilisation that Austria, after the last Balkan struggle, compelled the Servians to buy their munitions of war from Vienna! They are getting their own back with interest. The Turks are apparently holding the Russians in the Armenian provinces, but ultimately their resistance must be worn down. There are rumours of a large Turkish force marching towards Suez, but, thanks to the arrival of the second contingent from India, and the presence of the Australian forces, the Canal should be quite safe. The Khedive is in Constantinople, and if he continues to stay there, he will assuredly be deprived of his throne. England's position in Egypt may perhaps not be justified from a strictly international point of view, but it has undoubtedly saved Egypt from disaster. It would give a sense of final security to all who have interests there if her temporary occupancy became permanent.

More Greatest Battles.

Mr. Frank Simonds, on another page, gives a splendid summary of the struggle up to the Battle of the Aisne. Since then the Allies cannot claim any very notable success, but, fortunately, they don't need to. All that is required of them is to hold the enemy, and that they have done successfully. We have, of course, had several of the "greatest battles in history" reported, but to so designate the fighting in Flanders, or along the 360 miles of trenches in the west, is, of course, ridiculous. These conflicts may have entailed greater losses than any other battles that have ever been fought, but the greatness of a battle is judged by the results which follow, not by the losses sustained. We are given the numbers of the Germans who have been trying to batter a way

through to Calais, but they are not likely to be accurate. What is quite clear, though, from Sir John French's stirring account of the desperate fighting on the Yser, is that the British were greatly outnumbered. Once more the British troops have demonstrated their magnificent fighting powers, but they had a responsibility and a burden thrown on them which ought to have been avoided. General French tells us that Joffre agreed with him that it was vital to hold the line to the south of Nieuport, yet only one army corps was sent to the spot to help the weary Belgians. These men have been chased out of Antwerp, and harried this way and that all over their devastated country. They have done splendidly, but their morale cannot now be of the best, nor can their equipment be very good.

A Magnificent Effort.

We are led to believe that our air scouts are doing magnificent work, and that they have established a superiority over the German as marked as that the Germans had over the French in the early days of the war, yet the Germans were able to throw three army corps against our troops. The expected French support failed to arrive, and the British were left to hang on with grim persistency; their thin khaki line the only thing between the Germans and Calais. Had they broken, the entire army corps would have been lost, Calais would have been taken, and the German position would have been greatly improved. The generals are hardly the folk to congratulate on an achievement like this. It is the men who deserve the credit. I quite realise—many people do not seem to—that the French are fighting gallantly along an immense battle front, but, in view of the importance of succouring the Belgians, whose country we promised to defend, and the need of stopping the Germans getting Calais, it seems incredible that only 40,000 men should have been sent, when 140,000 would not have been too many. It was an immense risk to take. It turned out all right, but it might easily have ended in disaster. Although we

hear little about it, there is certain to be sanguinary fighting going on along the entire line. Possibly, indeed, the greatest German efforts may be being made in the Verdun district, and the attempt to get through to Calais, which fills our news columns to the exclusion of anything else, be merely a secondary affair. Whether this be so or not it is abundantly clear that the Germans are so active in the south that the French can spare but few of their 2,000,000 men to help the Belgians and the British in the north.

The Numbers Engaged.

Last month we gave some particulars of the probable numbers of Russian and Austrian soldiers at the front. We suggested that the former had 2,000,000 men operating on the German and Austrian frontiers, not more, and recent events have pretty well proved this, for, despite the announcement in the cables that 4,000,000 Russian troops had marched through Warsaw on the way to Posen, the forces actually available in Poland were not enough to surround and capture von Mackensen's 140,000 Germans! Certain newspapers have been making some extraordinary calculations recently, and have produced some really weird figures, which they gravely ask their readers to believe are accurate! For instance, we are told that Russia has no fewer than 5,000,000 men actively engaged in Poland, East Prussia and Galicia, and heaven knows how many in Turkey and garrisoned in her vast Asiatic Empire. That Great Britain has actually got 750,000 men in France; that France has 2,500,000 in the fighting line, and Germany no fewer than 6,250,000! Now, we are expected to take these as the correct figures of the soldiers actively engaged in the field. In addition there must be many millions under arms behind the firing lines, but perhaps our amateur statisticians have forgotten about that. It is worth while analysing the numbers given carefully, for no doubt there are many people who may consider that they would not be published unless they were accurate.

Take the British to begin with. Two hundred and fifty thousand is far more likely to be the number than three-quarters of a million. It is now pretty evident that at Mons we had only about 80,000 men. The balance of our standing army, viz., another 80,000 men, landed in France shortly afterwards, and was present at the Battle of the Marne. We have lost 56,000 men, fortunately the greatest number under the heading "missing," but, of the total, at least 20,000 were lost at Mons. This leaves a loss of 36,000 during the rest of the fighting, which, in view of the fury of the attacks and counter-attacks, is not a very unexpected percentage of the 250,000 I suggest we now have at the front. The loss of 56,000 will have been inflicted almost entirely upon the regulars, which reduces them to 100,000. If Lord Kitchener has managed to train and get another 100,000 into the fighting line so quickly he has done excellently. The additional 50,000 we have would have come from India. The objection may be raised that if we have only 250,000 troops, how comes it that we are doing most of the fighting? The obvious reply is that whilst we are doing almost all the fighting *of which we hear*, the French, ten times as numerous, covering ten times as much ground, can hardly be idle, but naturally we are not told much about their doings, as those of our own men interest us all more.

The German Strength.

The figures given for Germany are obviously widely out, nor is it difficult to prove them so. The total number of men in Germany between the ages of 18 and 45 is 22 per cent. of the entire population of 64,000,000. That is to say, there are 13,000,000 males of fighting age in the Empire. The physically unfit anywhere in the world may be assumed to be 20 per cent., which brings the total available down to 10,400,000. The civil life of the community must go on, the dockyards are working full blast, the mines must be kept going. It is safe to say that at least 3,000,000 of this 10,400,000 will be engaged in civil work. This leaves 7,400,000. This

figure tallies with the official year-books, which give 7,000,000 as the actual number of men who could possibly be used for military purposes. Of these only 4,000,000 have at one time or another undergone a certain period of training with the colours. The remaining 3,000,000 are entirely untrained, and could only be available after several months' drill. Assuming, however, that, by some miracle, the entire 7,000,000 are now available, we have to deduct first of all the killed, wounded and missing. These have been placed, by the Allies it is true, at nearly 2,000,000. That is sure to be exaggerated, but assume the figure 1,000,000, our total available force is reduced to 6,000,000. When Sir Ian Hamilton was out here, he stated that "The army possessing no system for its maintenance in the field is like an elephant that has lost its trunk. Depot cadres are an indispensable additional adjunct to every field army which is conducted on business principles. A depot establishment calculated at the rate of 50 per cent. of the field army is usually taken as the minimum." He went on to say that the depot cadres should be filled with men already somewhat trained. If we take his figures, therefore at least 2,000,000 of the available 6,000,000 would have to be used in the depot cadres, leaving only 4,000,000 as the utmost possible number free for the fighting line. This figure represents rather the final effort to defend Germany invaded than an offensive army. The Germans are probably opposing the 2,000,000 British and French with about the same number, possibly a little more, and would be unlikely to have more than 1,000,000 on the Russian frontier. It may be objected that Germany will use every man from 15 to 65 years of age, and in the last resort she might do so, but she would have to train them, and their withdrawal from civil employment would paralyse the country so effectively that the war could not be carried on. No, we may dismiss the suggested 6,250,000 actively engaged in the field as quite impossible, and it is a most comforting thing, too, to realise that even when Germany puts her last man

into the field, she can be greatly outnumbered by the Allies.

Why Not Tell the Whole Truth?

In Australia we have been greatly annoyed by the lack of news, and also by its inaccuracy. Of course we are not being wilfully misled, but thinking people are getting tired of the silly idea that we must be kept in the dark about everything pertaining to the war. Even now we are never told about reverses; we have still to deduce them from the news which comes through later. To read the newspapers from the outbreak of the war, through the long eighteen weeks it has lasted, no one would imagine that the French had ever sustained a reverse, that the British had ever had to retire, excepting from Mons (which was first reported as a great victory for our men), or that the Russians had ever been defeated at all. The only official report from Petrograd chronicling a reverse informed us that, owing to the arrival of siege guns in East Prussia a general and his staff has been killed, and consequently the army had fallen into some confusion, and had suffered somewhat. This hardly conveyed the truth, which we know now was that the invading armies were practically annihilated. Australia is not the only place to be treated in this way, it is much the same in England, and this has drawn the following sensible protest from Mr. Hawkin, General Botha's brother-in-law:—

During my recent visit to Antwerp, I found myself able to learn something concerning the state of public opinion in Germany.

Passing twice through Rotterdam, where the German papers were all on sale side by side with the English—reading the neutral Dutch papers, and meeting many Dutchmen and English refugees coming from Germany, all enabled me to learn a little about the enemy.

I cannot help wondering whether any really good purpose is served by preventing the importation of German newspapers into England. Is it really advantageous for us to believe eggs cost 10d. each at Hamburg, when, in fact, they sell at 11 for a shilling? Is it necessary for us to think Germany is weakening when her people are still full of determination? Is it useful to feed us with hot tit-bits from unimportant newspapers when the more responsible journals are often as moderate as our own?

What is the danger involved in our knowing what Germany thinks, or even what it

is asked to think? I can understand our not wishing the Germans to know our views, but to know theirs is interesting and valuable.

The English papers, too, are getting more and more restive, and, as they but reflect the opinions of their readers, we may assume that a reaction against the "Prussianising" of England has set in. Let us hope that ere long we may get franker statements of the actual events which are happening. No wonder Englishmen take trips to Holland and snap up the American papers. It is only in that way they can get to know what is really happening.

The Situation in Mexico.

Although the United States is withdrawing her troops from Mexico, it is becoming increasingly evident that the only possible solution of the terrible state of affairs in that war-wracked Republic is for her to establish a benevolent protectorate over it. At the present moment there are some 60,000 American soldiers along the Mexican border. Their presence there has preserved the lives and property of the thousands of foreigners in Mexico. The fighting Mexicans have respected all foreigners because they are under the protection of the United States, and each faction knows that if it starts slaughtering any but Mexicans, it will have payment in American bullets. We have a habit of girding at the Monroe doctrine, but just imagine for a moment what a fearful mix up there would be in Mexico if all the Powers, whose nationals are in danger, had to be responsible for their protection. The Americans are naturally loath to take Mexico in hand. The Mexicans don't want to be made behave, and to tranquillise them will be an extremely difficult task, especially as they hate the "Gringos" so much. The present state of affairs well illustrates the hopelessness of any solution from within. Carranza has apparently retired, and Zapata, a bandit from the south, is in control of Mexico City. At the moment Villa is friendly to him, but has his own hands full in the north, where several of his late officers are in the field against him. Just across the border Felix Diaz and several other exiled Mexican generals are plotting to overthrow the new

Government, when it is established, and openly boast that they have a force of 20,000 men at their disposal. They have tried to make an alliance with Villa, who promptly shot their emissaries—a way he has. Before he disappeared Carranza managed to condemn many of Huerta's supporters as traitors, and have them shot. Altogether Mexico is in a pretty turmoil, and the United States will be obliged to step in if it is to be saved from utter ruin.

Military Raids.

The military police have been making various domiciliary visits to leading firms in Melbourne and elsewhere. It is but right that such visits should not be made public property until it is definitely known that the firms in question are actually guilty of anything more than having a German sounding name, or of having traded, at some time or another, with German merchants. Undoubtedly considerable hardships were experienced by some of the raided firms against whom not the faintest evidence justifying such visits was discovered. The authorities, after the matter had been brought to their attention, did their best to put the matter right, but in several cases a good deal of harm was done. Particulars of such visits are not now published in the papers until guilt is proven.

Lord Roberts.

It was peculiarly fitting that Lord Roberts should pass away within sound of the cannon thunder. To end his long record of brilliant achievement still vigorous, still efficient, amongst the soldiers he had so often led to victory, must have been the wish of the great Field Marshal. He passed away on November 14th, during a visit to France, to greet the Indian troops who had not long arrived. Finding that the men had no great coats on, their old leader discarded his own, and thus caught the chill from which he died. Roberts was for fifty years the idol of the army, and was looked on throughout the empire as our greatest general. Despite his age, he was therefore called on during the blackest days of the South African war, a call to

which he nobly responded. During the years of his prime he was always associated with India, and when commander-in-chief there, entirely reformed the military system. For forty-one years he laboured in our great dependency. He achieved undying fame in the famous march to Cabul, the success of which was almost entirely due to the personality of the indomitable, intrepid and resourceful "Bobs." Since the South African war Lord Roberts has not ceased to urge the adoption of conscription in Great Britain. He considered that universal service was imperative if we were to remain secure within our sea-girt isle. This war has conclusively demonstrated the fallacy of this doctrine, but the nation owes him a deep debt of gratitude for the warnings he constantly gave, for they certainly showed how necessary it was that Great Britain must have an unassailable superiority in ships if she were to avoid the evils of conscription. Roberts was one of the most lovable of men, and was able to win the confidence of the armies under him in a remarkable manner. This quality helped to make him the great leader he was, but made it almost impossible for him to use the methods of Lord Kitchener in administration.

N.S.W. Finance.

Mr. Holman obligingly came to Melbourne to tell Victoria something about Labour financing. It was hardly a happy move on the part of Mr. Elmslie for New South Wales has been held up as a terrible example of reckless extravagance throughout the Commonwealth. Listening to the story that Mr. Holman unfolded one would imagine that, had it not been for Labour's statemanship the Mother State would have been in a parlous condition, all development would have been stopped, and everything, in fact, would have been in a state of suspended animation had the Liberals been in power. He made out a splendid case for the policy of expenditure he had inaugurated, and proved that almost the whole of the immense sums that had been borrowed had been spent by Commissioners on reproductive works, transactions with which, once the money had

been voted, Ministers had nothing to do. He utterly denied the charge of extravagance, and was able to show, to his own satisfaction and apparently that of Mr. Elmslie, ample justification for all the expenditure of which he has been responsible. The leader of the Victorian Labour Party endorsed Mr. Holman's policy, and indicated that if he were returned to power he proposed to follow in the footsteps of the New South Wales Premier. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why he lost the election! The best criticism of Mr. Holman's orgy of borrowing was made by Mr. Hagelthorn, Victorian Minister of Public Works, who said:—

Mr. Holman made it abundantly clear that a State with the population of New South Wales or Victoria cannot with safety borrow year after year such large sums of money as New South Wales has borrowed. It might be quite true that the loan money spent by Mr. Holman's Ministry has been wisely and judiciously spent, but it is clear that the public creditor will not permit either State to borrow for the best developmental works at a rate involving a greater burden than such limited populations can reasonably bear. If Mr. Holman's contention were right that such large borrowings have improved the conditions of his State so much, then it goes without saying that they should be in a much better position than other States to grapple with the effects of the war and the drought. Victoria, Queensland and South Australia have not been compelled to increase their taxation at a time when their people are least able to bear it. And, moreover, they have not been compelled to reduce the wages of their employees, or to curtail employment as New South Wales and Western Australia have had to do.

The Victorian Elections.

The electors on November 26th showed conclusively that they had confidence in Sir Alexander Peacock's Ministry by sending the Liberals back to power with a large majority. The state of parties remains practically the same—Ministerials 42, and Labour 23. The fight was largely one over finance; that will become more and more the issue between the parties everywhere. The electors evidently preferred the conservative methods of the Liberal administration to those Mr. Elmslie proposed to import from New South Wales. Another matter which no doubt had considerable bearing on the result was the question of religious instruction in State

schools, and the giving of State assistance to Roman Catholic schools. The Labour Party was frankly opposed to both these things, whilst many members on the Ministerial side favoured some modification of the present system or reference of the matter direct to the electors in the form of a referendum. It is probable that the subject has been definitely shelved now for many a year.

New Zealand Elections.

The Dominion is in the throes of three great campaigns—political, no-licence, and Bible in schools. The general elections take place early in December, and the political and liquor issues will be definitely decided on polling day. The Bible-in-schools campaign is a more or less important side issue, which began in a movement for a direct referendum vote on religious instruction in, and the clergy's right of entry to, the State schools. More feeling has already been shown in connection with this issue than in any recent controversy. The advocates have endeavoured to make it the first, and in a sense, the single issue in the political fight. The attempt to do this, coupled with some of the methods employed, are very keenly resented in many quarters. And such keen resentment cannot fail to reflect itself against the movement. Several of the prophets declare that the methods of the Bible-in-schools League will militate against the success of the no-licence poll, since both movements are closely allied in so far as some of the leaders are concerned.

The Liberal leader (Sir Joseph Ward) was first in the field with his policy. Its leading planks are proportional representation, protection of the free, secular, and compulsory education system, substantial increase in the graduated land tax, Imperial control of the navy, abolition of duties on the necessities of life, cheap and pure public milk supply, agricultural banks, statutory forty-five hour week for women workers in woollen mills, State-owned ferries, invalid pensions, reduction of railway fares for children, re-establishment of Parliamentary control over the Civil Service, a baby bonus of £5 invested in the Sav-

ings Bank, and a long list of minor legislative proposals.

The Ministerial Programme.

The Prime Minister's programme is a somewhat remarkable document. The Government party, now led by the Right Hon. W. F. Massey, is the lineal descendant of the Conservative regime of 20 odd years ago. The Government's programme promises many things, but is singularly free from Socialistic proposals. It deals with many questions of local and national importance, and though it contains Socialistic catch-words, such as "The Right to Work," its proposal in this respect is somewhat different, as witness:—

The Right to Work: The reform policy for land and secondary industries ensures work for all willing hands and willing minds. The provision for encouraging various industries—agricultural and pastoral, fruit farming, mining, fisheries, and others—will increase the national wages fund, and therefore directly benefit all workers.

The Reform Party wishes to be distinguished by this principle, which it calls "The Reform Plan Crystallised":—

The reform plan is common-sense government by the cardinal principles of public health, public wealth, and national safety, ensuring good times, good wages, and equal opportunities.

A Reformed Council.

The most important measure which passed during the session was the Legislative Council Act. It changes the Council from a nominative to an elective Chamber. At present members are nominated to the Council by the Governor for seven years. The constitutional reform just enacted will automatically end the nominative system, and replace it by the elective principle. In future the Council will be elected on adult suffrage under the proportional representation system. The Dominion will be divided into four electorates, two for the North Island and two the South Island. At the first election in 1917 24 members will be returned. Six years later the whole Council (with the exception of the few remaining life members) to the number of 40, will be elected. Provision has been made for the nomination of not more than three members of the native race.



A COMMON SIGHT IN BELGIUM.
Delivering the milk in the morning.

TIT-BITS OF WAR NEWS.

The English and the American papers tell us many little items which have been missed here. We give a few of them, and intend to do so every month, for they throw sidelights on what is really going on, which enable us to form a better idea of the actual situation in Europe.

It is now known that the German submarine which destroyed the three British cruisers was helped by a dirigible airship, which had previously discovered them, and told the submarine where to find them.

Decoy periscopes have been used, short lengths of pipe which are held upright on a float, and looking exactly like a real periscope. The submarine sets them adrift in order to draw the warship's guns whilst it sneaks up unnoticed.

The German liner *Princess Cecilie*, which escaped the British and French cruisers at the beginning of the war, and is now at the roadstead of Bar Harbour, will be compelled to leave that spot because of the danger of winter ice. A British cruiser is said to be doing nothing except keep watch on her.

At Liège the Germans did not use any of their famous 16.5-inch Howitzers, but 11-inch only. The bombardment began on August 4, and the city surrendered August 7, three days later. At Namur they had two of the huge guns. The city surrendered four days after the bombardment began. Owing to the shells cutting the telephone wires between the citadel and the outlying forts, half the garrison of 25,000 men were lost.

At Mauberge the Germans used eight 16.5-inch howitzers. When the forts surrendered, the entire garrison was captured. The manner in which the offensive weapon has defeated the defensive is well shown in the case of Antwerp. In the sixteenth century it held out for fourteen months against the Spaniards, in the nineteenth century for two years

against the Belgians. In the twentieth it succumbs in ten days to the Germans. Not because there was any difference in the valour and skill of the defenders, but because modern artillery has made modern defence works useless.

The United States Consul in Antwerp states that with other neutrals he endeavoured to mediate with the Germans to spare some of the most famous buildings of Antwerp, when the bombardment was decided on. The negotiations failed to lead to a successful result. It took the Consul just four hours to cross the pontoon bridge over the Scheldt, so jammed was it with flying people.

Early in September Mr. Asquith stated in the House of Commons that no official information had reached the Ministry of War concerning the alleged abuse of the Red Cross flag by the Germans, or of the repeated stories that the German soldiers had killed and maimed the wounded, and killed women and children. He added that the subject was under consideration, and that an enquiry was being made.

The Polish Socialists of Austria have published the following declaration about the promises given Poland by Germany, Austria and Russia, "Do not lend yourself to these promises. They are false. None of the invading armies intends to fight for the sake of Poland. Everyone of them is fighting for the interests of its respective State, and these States care nothing about us. They simply want to use us for their own purposes at this critical moment, and he is a blind dreamer that tells you Austria, in alliance with Prussia, aspires to restore Poland."

It was only weeks after our first contingents had reached France that it was generally known in England and France that they embarked at Southampton, not at Dover.

The full establishment of the Territorials, says *United Empire*, for home defence is 313,000; they now number 315,000. The same journal points out that the first "new army" of 500,000 is to be trained for six months in England before being sent to the front. It states that in the second

week of September we had 150,000 men in the field, the losses at Mons having been made good by the despatch of 19,000 new drafts; 70,000 troops are on their way from India, amongst them 30,000 British. The first contingent of these troops landed at Marseilles on September 24. It expects troops from Egypt, Malta and South Africa, but considers that altogether we cannot expect to have more than 250,000 men in the field this year. Of the Territorial units 60,000 have volunteered for service abroad.

Very early in the war the Germans cut the cables between England and Belgium. These were repaired, and again cut by the Germans. The German trans-Atlantic cable from Emden to New York was cut by a British cruiser near the Azores two days after the outbreak of war.

The *Japan Advertiser* publishes a photograph which is said to show two three-funnelled German cruisers sunk in Hong Kong Harbour. This must be a faked picture, as all the German cruisers in the Pacific have been accounted for, or their present positions are known. The boats shown look more like Russian than German, and one is a battleship of an old type, not a cruiser.

We learn only now, and through America, that when General Rennenkampf made his famous raid to Königsberg in the early days of the war, General Samsonoff marched with 200,000 men into the southern part of East Prussia towards Thorn. He was met by the Germans under Von Bencendorf, and suffered terrific disaster. Only 80,000 of his men straggled back to Russia. The gallant general himself and 120,000 of his troops were left dead on the field, or surrendered to the Germans. Before that event the Russians talked confidently of reaching Berlin in a very few weeks.

A very grave state of affairs existed in France after the battle of Mons. Terrible mistakes were made by responsible generals, several of whom were disgraced. Amongst others was General Percin, who failed to go to the aid of the British, and, loosing his head,

launched territorial troops to destruction against the Germans, instead of pushing forward his trained men. Percin was next to Joffre in command of the French northern armies. He is now inspecting recruits. He is the man responsible for the most efficient of the guns in the French artillery.

The War Minister, M. Messingy, appeared to have been summarily deprived of his office. It appears that the French were criminally short of ammunition, and in the retreat from Belgium abandoned many guns for that reason. Messingy had probably nothing to do with it, but he appears to have been made the scapegoat.

We now know that the French made a ghastly mistake in invading Alsace-Lorraine. The venture took many men, badly needed elsewhere. After temporary successes, the French sustained a terrific defeat. A regiment from Southern France crumpled up, became panic struck, and threw the entire force into confusion. The Germans took heavy toll in prisoners and army material. Three generals were retired, one of them it is said suffered a worse fate.

But after this week of terror Joffre emerged in supreme control. He weeded out incompetents without mercy, and abolished that red-tape so beloved of official Frenchmen. The result we see. Instead of an army controlled by politicians, there has emerged a homogeneous force, confident in its own prowess, full of reliance on its leaders—a single-minded fighting army of immense power. If the British had not delayed the German enveloping movement the Kaiser's troops would have been in Paris before this reorganisation could have taken place.

The French War Office in the early days issued flamboyant reports of Belgian and French successes. These, by the way, were sent on to us as official, and served to deceive us also. The French in Paris were therefore as amazed as we were when the truth came out that the victories had all been won by the foe, not by the Belgians or the

French forces. After Joffre was supreme, and the army had "found itself," no more reports of this nature were issued.

The German aeroplanes used to visit Paris before the Battle of the Aisne at four o'clock every afternoon. They dropped a few bombs, which did little damage, but the chief danger was due to gendarmes and soldiers, who fired indiscriminately at them with rifles, regardless of the fact that they were thousands of feet in the air, and apparently quite oblivious of the laws of gravity, which cause a bullet to return to earth. Several people were hurt in this way.

It is a well-known fact that soldiers are never such good haters as civilians, who never see a foe. To hate fellow creatures whom we have never seen is an artificial passion, which it is not easy to keep fed on the food on which it lives. The soldier has found that you cannot kill a man without realising that he is much the same sort as yourself, a brother being. It is not, therefore, surprising to hear of almost cordial relations between the foes in the trenches. The soldier speaks well of the man he fights; it requires a civilian, far from the scene of battle, to provide the true vituperative hate.

Juan Fernandez, which the German cruisers who escaped from our neighbourhood are said to have made a base, is chiefly distinguished because one of the group is Robinson Crusoe's island. Selkirk was marooned there, by his own request, for five years, and De Foe seized on the incident for the subject of his immortal story, which has made this little spot known throughout the civilised world. It is about 12 miles long, and four miles across at its widest part. It is now used by fishermen, several families living there. It is called Mars a Tierra, and is 360 miles due west of the Chilian coast. Of the other islands some hundred miles further off, the largest is called Mars a Fuera. The world's last sandalwood tree grew here, and was visited by a Swedish scientist in 1908.

FEDERAL FINANCE.

A HUGE NOTE ISSUE.

BY HERBERT BROOKES, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER OF MANUFACTURES,
VICTORIA.

These are strenuous and critical days. All the trade, commerce and industry of the whole world is dislocated, where it is not paralysed and destroyed. It is unreasonable to expect that, with five of the great Powers locked in a life-and-death struggle, the rest of the world can escape from commercial devastation, seeing how essentially interdependent all nations have become. Throughout the world, tremendous readjustments to altered conditions have to be faced by all the nations, neutral as well as belligerent, if they are to be saved from national or partial insolvency. And when the curtain has been rung down upon the awful tragedy, trial and trouble and suffering must be to a greater or less degree the fate and lot of all the peoples of the earth.

But for us here in Australia, one of the combatants by virtue of our part in our glorious Empire, the burden will naturally fall more heavily than upon a neutral nation. Already our wool clip has in great part been held up (like the cotton and tobacco crops in America) by reason of the embargo placed upon its sale to neutral nations, and the demand for it among the allied belligerents having almost disappeared, to say nothing of the quantity (some 30 per cent.) that was consumed previously by the enemy powers. Our frozen meat trade is blocked by reason of lack of shipping accommodation, compelling more than a million carcasses to be hung in cold storage. Our baser metal trade is almost at a standstill. Our wheat crop is in great part destroyed by an enemy not of our own making.

Now, by these staple products Australia is accustomed to adjust its balance of trade in the world's markets, and pay its debt obligations. The position is serious—passing serious. And when the war is over the situation will not by any means be immediately relieved. Five great powers and two small ones cannot slaughter each other in hundreds of thousands, cannot deplete their treasuries, and strain their powers of borrowing upon the future, cannot heap taxes upon their people, and so reduce and impoverish them, without decreasing the demand for food, clothing and manufactured goods. Now, Australia supplies much of this raw material for other nations to consume or work up into necessary commodities, and it is a matter of grave importance to Australia commercially speaking when thousands of dead men are being manufactured every day. Every dead man was a possible consumer of Australian foodstuffs, of Australian wool, and Australian leather. Clearly, then, both now and subsequent to the declaration of peace vast dislocations and paralyses of trade and industry must be faced, and that nation which handles its finances most wisely is the nation which is going to suffer the least after the war, and be in a position to expand and outdistance its rivals. A tremendous strain is imposed upon our national credit.

How is it being met? Eighteen millions have been borrowed as a war loan to finance Australian war expenditure, from the Bank of England. This loan is repayable in fourteen years. This arrangement is certainly an improve-

ment upon the previous one—made at a Federal Conference before Mr. Cook was defeated at the poll—to issue paper money *ad infinitum*. But war expenditure is only one of our pressing necessities. What of the financial needs of the Commonwealth itself, and of the six States in their separate capacities?

They require another £20,000,000. The Federal Treasurer has promised to find £18,000,000 for the States, and wants another couple for himself. How is this money to be raised? So far £10,000,000 in gold has been commandeered from the banks by means of a forced loan until the end of the war without interest. The fact that this may have been accomplished without a public protest from the banks does not alter the fact that instead of issuing Treasury bonds at 4 per cent. for such an amount, and asking the banks to take them up, the Commonwealth Treasurer has managed to get £10,000,000 in gold of the people's deposits from the banks for nothing, instead of paying £400,000 as interest, which is the amount the Commonwealth Government will receive from the States for such a loan. This is dangerous financing. Frequently the appetite is whetted by what it feeds upon. Is this demand to be the last, or only the first of several? If more are to follow, then our national credit is in jeopardy, and a financial calamity shall be ours before long. It is true that owing to the proud and happy position of our banks, which are exceptionally strong at present, this demand can be met, more particularly since Australia, being a gold-producing nation, this £10,000,000 will be gradually replaced, provided the banks are not compelled, for other reasons, to ship any of their gold away, and rely upon paper currency, even though it be printed on Federal machines.

A nation nowadays cannot live by paper currency alone, as was indicated in this magazine some time back. Here is what the Secretary to the United States Administration said to a conference of one hundred and fifty experts quite recently, who met him to devise ways and means for averting

panic and distress and insolvency over large areas for the great neutral Republic. Members of the conference asked him to issue more paper money:—

There is enough currency authorised by law to-day, he said, to wreck the United States of America, and the danger in this situation is that by ill-considered views and ill-considered actions, we may put out so much inflationary paper money, that we will ruin the country. You, gentlemen, must remember that this currency is not Government money. The Government has not got money that it is going to hand out to anybody. The only money in the Treasury of the United States to-day is the gold fund, the surplus over and above its liabilities, amounting to about 130,000,000 dollars, and that is none too much to enable this Government to carry on its business, and to take such reasonable measure of protection for the general interests of the country as the use of any surplus part of that fund may enable it to do.

Thus the American experience in both North and South has shown that to unduly place paper currency on the market can only result in depreciation of its value.

Now, in all probability not one sovereign of this £10,000,000 in gold obtained from the banks will be loaned to the States, since the arrangement already entered into with them provides for the issue to them of Federal paper money, and, furthermore, the Federal Treasurer cannot advance any of the £18,000,000 obtained from the Bank of England, since this loan must be devoted exclusively to war purposes. What, then, is he going to do to supply the £18,000,000 promised to the States, and upon which they are relying to carry on their public works, and assist in maintaining the reproductive resources of the respective States?

It must be paper money—Commonwealth notes—that he proposes to hand over, at 4 per cent. What will be the position of the Commonwealth when this transaction is accomplished?

At present the situation is that £16,365,936 notes have been issued against a gold reserve in the Treasury of £7,016,216. Roughly speaking we can assert that of this issue £6,365,936 in notes is in circulation, and £10,000,000 in notes is in the bank cof-

fers. Now another £10,000,000 in notes has been introduced into the bank reserves in place of £10,000,000 in gold. Since, Mr. Fisher is not going to advance gold to the States, he must, therefore, lend them notes up to their requirements, which by arrangement amount to £18,000,000. So that when this feat has been accomplished the position will be that the paper currency has been inflated to the enormous extent of £44,365,936! In a country where it is found that for ordinary trade requirements the usual absorbing power of people has hitherto shown itself to be about £4,000,000 (although just now it has risen to £6,000,000), it follows that, unless the Commonwealth Government is prepared to cash the notes for the banks on presentation at the Treasury, which its gold reserves will not permit of, the banks must be laden with this whole inflationary paper issue. In other words, the banks (not the Commonwealth Government or the Commonwealth Bank) are in reality forced to finance the loans of the States, for which the Commonwealth Government is getting 4 per cent., although their share in the transaction consists only in depleting the banks' reserves of gold, and issuing paper. At first it appeared as though the Federal Government, with the Commonwealth Bank, was going to stand behind or shoulder to shoulder with the private banks in financing Australia through this troublous period. It now seems certain that the greater part of the burden is to be thrown upon the private banks.

Now what must become of these £44,365,936 notes of which £10,000,000 alone are inconvertible till the war ends according to the contract entered into by the Federal Treasurer with the banks? As a matter of fact, at the present moment none of the Federal note issue is really convertible into gold, for if the banks were to present the notes they hold, they would clear the last sovereign out of the Treasury coffers, and still have several millions in Federal paper money for which there is no gold available. All new issues must necessarily drift into the posses-

sion of the banking institutions, since men and women cannot consume them.

The banks are already glutted. Clearly they cannot carry both their gold reserves and this paper currency without in self-defence either raising the rate of interest considerably, or shipping their gold away, since outside nations and the Motherland will naturally refuse to accept Federal notes in settlement of debts. Our position will then grow more and more precarious, and that consideration by way of credit which it is possible at present to extend to all those engaged in production and manufacture and industry, and in general, will be dangerously curtailed, and a financial crisis and panic might very well follow.

It behoves, then, all our political commanders and generals, whom the people have appointed over us, to seek the best advice from all our experts in finance, commerce and industry, in order to maintain our National Credit. The most dangerous foe outside of Germany is in our midst here in Australia, in the shape of rash experimenters and amateurs, who may be tempted to legislate out of prejudice and in ignorance. Our commercial and industrial future is at stake. Let the right course be pursued, and Australia will arise Phoenix-like, after this war. Let the wrong course be taken, and we shall be wrecked for a generation.

If Mr. Fisher intends to depart from the original arrangement made with the States, and instead of advancing them notes only gives them this £10,000,000 obtained from the banks, and £8,000,000 in notes—his budget statement is not clear on the point—then the total number of notes ultimately issued will be 34,365,936 instead of £44,365,936. Even then the issue is amply large enough to justify the criticism I have made. The budget, of course, indicates that some of the extra money needed for Commonwealth purposes will be raised by increases in the tariff, and land tax, probate duties, etc., but no indication is given of where the balance of the £18,000,000 (above the £10,000,000 from the banks), required by the States is to come from.



AFTER A NIGHT OF SUFFERING.

A trawler, crowded with Belgian refugees, arriving at Folkestone from Ostend.

The Belgians and the Germans Before Brussels.

The American papers are now publishing some really splendid articles from their correspondents in Europe. They are uncensored, and although they tell, of course, old history, they tell it so well, that it is a pleasure to read what they have to say. Will Irwin, one of the special correspondents for *Collier's*, writes his experiences between Brussels and Louvain, when the Belgians were still trying to stop the German advance. He makes one realise as never before the hopelessness of the exhausted soldiery, in their ill-fitting little red-and-blue uniforms, fighting this battle of honour. As he went forward with his companions, he was asked again and again by despairing men, "Where are the French and Eng-

lish?" Where, indeed, were those who had urged Belgium to resist the invader, promising their active help! He had always to answer, "No, they have not come." This is how he describes the Belgian army:—

A HOPELESS ARMY

We topped a rise—and there lay the Belgian army. It filled the slope before us and the hollow beneath. In the foreground a group of cavalymen stood about their picketed horses while a cook in his undershirt dealt out coffee from a milk can. Further along, an infantry regiment lay stretched out, resting, in a field of lucerne. Still further along were more regiments; in the background, in the hollow of the hills, battery after battery of artillery threaded through the roads taking position.

Never have I seen men so dirty, so utterly bedraggled and weary as those who gathered

for that pitiful little Appomattox of Brussels. The last ounce of strength seemed to be gone from them. The sentry who stopped us and inspected our pass dropped on his gun. His coat was matted with grease and dirt; transversely, just above the knee of his baggy trousers, was the unmistakable double rent of a bullet. Many had been slightly wounded; one wore a bandage like a football head harness; one had a splash of absorbent cotton and a strip of adhesive plaster across the place where the bridge of his nose had been. In groups by the roadside the lately and slightly wounded in the last engagement awaited transportation to the rear. They were hugging bandaged arms and legs; their faces showed the torpor which is the second stage of violent suffering.

He thus describes his first sight of the Germans. By that time, he had reached Louvain, having passed through the battle area in a taxi-cab!

THE CONQUERORS COME

Suddenly uniforms flashed into sight crossing the street. They were eight worn, hatless Belgian soldiers on a dodging run—their shoulders hunched, their guns dragging behind them. They disappeared into a doorway. "Looks like street fighting!" we said. "Let's hurry on." The silent populace, I noticed, were all looking up the street.

And then—twenty yards before us—a man on a bicycle shot out of an alley, stopped, and turned. Behind him came a man on horseback, a rifle slung over his shoulder. He too pulled up. They wore spiked helmets—they were Germans!

The man on the horse was tall, lithe, tanned to a brick-red. He stood looking over the populace with a kind of sarcastic smile. And suddenly both men unslung their rifles.

We all had, I think, the same thought, Belgians behind—Germans before—street firing about to begin. I ran for a doorway, and found it amply occupied by one of our party. Losing no time, I got up an alley which the members of our expedition called afterward by my name. Dosch followed. Alone, McCutcheon stood his ground, posting himself at the entrance of the alley ready to go when the firing really did commence.

There was no firing; we began to perceive that the Belgians had been simply running away to hide. Now came other horsemen to join the first scout. The road was blocked in that direction. Aimlessly, we wandered back the way we had come. We neared Le Lion Rouge de Belgique—and lo! we were beholding the passage of an army!

THE GREY HOST SURGES IN

It was the head of the line. First came motor-cycles; then bicycles; then troop after troop of Uhlan lancers, dust-grey men on

coal-black horses, riding as though on parade. The knots of people in the streets began to press forward, as though drawn by a fascination of curiosity stronger than their fears; and we pressed on with them. The cavalry was still going on—gray, grim, perfectly ordered. As we came near Le Lion Rouge, a new detachment was passing. A the head rode a scout; I saw him outlined against the sky, and he remains a photograph in my memory. He was a tall, lean man on a long, lean bay horse. He rode with the short English stirrup, his knees up towards the withers. He held his gun, unslung, by the grip and trigger, and he faced us as he rode. His whole attitude was that of tense alertness. No one in the crowd moved. That attitude meant business.

REGIMENTS IN SONG

It must have been just afterward when, down the straggling village street which leads towards Brussels, came a heavy shot, followed by the lighter "whip" of a service rifle, and, after a moment, by a scattering volley. "Street firing has begun," we thought. It was not that, I know now; it was the thing which the world has already come to know by the polite word "reprisals."

A whirring, very irritating in that stretched silence which followed, sounded from above. We looked up. A heavy gray biplane, flying very low, was running overhead—the eye of the column.

There was a short space between each detachment. And in the interval the silent crowd—not even a child cried—would come out of the doorways and creep cautiously toward the corner.

Until now we had held the theory that this was only a cavalry dash on Brussels—for we had seen only cavalry so far. But as we listened there came a sound heavier than the ring of hoofs on the macadam roads; and then—singing. Round the corner swung the head of an infantry brigade giving full voice to "Die Wacht am Rhein." They were singing in absolute time; they were singing in parts, like a trained chorus! Never have I heard anything quite like the beat and ring of their marching. They wore heavy, knee-high cowhide boots; and those boots, propelled by heavy, stalwart German bodies, struck the roads with a concerted shuffling thump which shook the earth. Singing sounded behind us—"Hail to the War Lord." Along that street by which we had entered Louvain came another column of infantry, timed perfectly to fit into the plan of march. This regiment, I take it, must have been recruited in some intellectual centre. Half the men wore spectacles; they had the sharp faces characteristic of the German scholar. Intent on their singing and their marching, looking neither to right nor left, they shuffled and stamped on to conquest and death. It had become a horde by now—cavalry, infantry, artillery, cavalry, infantry, artillery, rolling, pouring toward Brussels and toward France.

SHOULD AMERICA HAVE PROTESTED?

I have been surprised at the great number of people who have expressed themselves as disappointed, and even annoyed, because the United States has not protested to Germany against the doings in Belgium. I have asked several leading men what their views are on the matter, because it seems to me of the very greatest importance that there should not be the slightest germ of misunderstanding between us and our cousins in the States. The same ocean laps both our shores. The future of the Pacific lies with the English-speaking folk around it, and there should be the greatest harmony between us all, so that when we really need the powerful assistance of our great neighbour—as some day we shall—there should be perfect understanding between us.

Several of those I asked for an opinion hold office under the Crown, and, therefore, felt themselves debarred from saying anything. I am glad and pleasurably surprised, though, to find that the general opinion amongst responsible men is that it is none of our business to say whether America should have protested or not. President Wilson is in a most delicate position, and anything which tended to complicate the absolute neutrality of the States ought at all costs to be avoided. Many think that she should have made a dignified protest, although they admit that to merely protest, and not be prepared to back her protest with her bayonets would have been almost impossible.

My own view of the case is that she should not have protested. First, because her protest would have availed nothing at all, and would merely lay her open to a retort from Germany, which she would either have to resent by force of arms, or meekly accept, and second, because it is of paramount importance that the one great power not yet involved in the life and death struggle should avoid anything which could be in any way construed as a

breach of neutrality. We all insist that this is going to be a fight to a finish, and that terms of peace will be arranged between the belligerents themselves, without the intervention of any other parties. Ultimately that may be the case, but I think it absolutely inevitable that the United States must take a hand in the settlement. She may step out before finality is reached, but her good offices are certain to be enlisted during negotiations.

I have found considerable divergence of opinion as to what the States should have protested about. Some consider that she should have sharply reproved Germany for violating the neutrality of Belgium. She was not a signatory of the treaty guaranteeing this neutrality; it was nothing whatever to do with her. Great Britain protested, and to uphold her protest, went to war. She did not, however, protest against the violation of the neutrality of Luxemburg, nor would she have gone to war to protect that State's territory, despite the fact that she was a signatory of an even more binding treaty, guaranteeing its neutrality. Although a guarantor of the Duchy, Britain was quite right in not being prepared to go to war on its account. The ultimate ownership of Luxemburg made little or no difference to Great Britain, whereas to have Germany instead of Belgium across the Channel would have been fatal to her. If we consider Great Britain right in her failure to protest about Luxemburg, how can we possibly consider the United States wrong in not protesting about Belgium, when she was not even a party to the treaty guaranteeing the little State's neutrality? We ought not to forget, too, that the United States, having by her Monroe Doctrine warned all other nations off the American continent, has also been definitely warned by the European nations from interfering in any way in Europe. A specific case occurred during the

Spanish-American war, when the Powers informed President McKinley that the American fleet was not to enter European waters. Having insisted upon this abstention, as a *quid pro quo* to the Monroe Doctrine, the Allies can hardly cry out now when America rigidly adheres to it.

On the other hand, if America had protested, does anyone imagine for a moment it would have made the Germans retire from Belgium? Britain's protest they knew meant war, but it did not prevent the invasion; would they have taken any notice whatever of President Wilson's plaint, when they knew it could not be backed by troops? No; if the United States protested at all she must have been prepared to go to war; not for anything so tangible as a "scrap of paper," but merely to demonstrate to the world in general that America desired all treaties to be kept, no matter when they were made, or who were the signatories. That is a laudable desire, of course; but it is entirely out of practical politics to attempt to enforce abstract ethical views at the bayonet's point.

Others suggest that the United States should have launched a protest against the methods of the Huns, which the Germans have introduced in Belgium and also against the alleged atrocities of individual soldiers. It is certainly conceivable that, as, by the time Louvain was destroyed Germany greatly desired the approval of America, a dignified remonstrance might have resulted in some modification of the Bernhardian doctrine of intelligent brutality; but it is difficult to understand why the United States should have protested for the doings in Belgium when neither she nor England protested against Servian methods in Macedonia, or Bulgarian outrages in Thrace during the Balkan war.

As regards individual acts of barbarism the best reply is that given by President Wilson to the Belgian delegation. He used practically the same words as when he answered the Kaiser's letter charging the French and British troops with the use of dum dum

bullets. It would be unwise, it would be premature, he said, for any one Government at this stage "to form or express a final judgment," and "it would even be inconsistent with the neutral position of any nation which, like this, has no part in the contest."

The nations of the world have fortunately by agreement made a plan for such a reckoning and settlement." The Hague Tribunal can hear and determine causes of this nature. Moreover, when the war is over, a day of accounting will come, and the President takes it for granted that then "the nations of Europe will assemble to determine a settlement."

It should not be forgotten that the German protests against alleged Russian barbarities in East Prussia have been loud and long, and the misguided representative of the Kaiser in Washington has seen that they have had great publicity in the States. I do not wonder that the Americans consider it well to suspend their judgment in the matter.

Admirable counsel on this point was given by the late Lord Roberts:

May I give a word of caution to my countrymen against the unsportsmanlike practice of abusing one's enemies? Let us avoid what Kipling, during the Boer war, described as "killing Kruger with your mouth." Let us rather devote all our energies to defeating our foemen by the superior fighting of adequate numbers of British soldiers in the open field.

When we read the charges against the German troops let us remember that gross charges, absolutely untrue, were brought against our own brave soldiers fighting in South Africa, but whether the charges are true or not, let us keep our own hands clean, and let us fight against the Germans in such a way as to earn their liking as well as their respect.

We have many of us had letters from England giving detailed particulars of definite cases of atrocious doings by German soldiers, just as we received letters telling us explicitly of the passage of Russian troops through England. There are certain to be many brutes amongst a million or more men, enraged with the battle lust, and horrible crimes are certain to have been committed. It would be matter for wonder if in great armies, made up of mere

men, war did not brutalise many, and cause them to revert to habits of barbarism. At the same time I accept all stories of white flag treachery and firing on the red cross with the greatest reserve. It is inevitable that with cannon carrying five miles and more, red cross shelters will be inadvertently destroyed, but I never read of wilful firing on the red cross without thinking of an incident which happened to me at the time of the Boer war.

A friend of mine, a non-combatant, being in Johannesburg, used to send me photographs of the Boer forces, and incidents within their lines. These came to me through Portuguese territory. The illustrated papers were exceedingly glad to have them, as they were unique. Amongst others he sent a photo. of British waggons crossing a spruit under fire from the Boers. Imagine my horror to find this repro-

duced in one of our leading weeklies, with a red cross shown prominently on each of the waggons, and several shells bursting around. Beneath was an inscription, stating that this was how the Boers respected the red cross! That friend, by the way, sent me a list of the British prisoners at Johannesburg, the posting up of which outside our office almost caused us to be mobbed, but which drew the courteous thanks of the War Office, as it was the only list which reached England. This is rather a digression, but serves to give point to my argument, that it is well to be careful in accepting without reserve all reports of such outrages.

Space forbids my printing all the letters I have received on this question. Those I have selected are typical examples, and cover the ground pretty adequately.

THE VIEWS OF A LEADING MINISTER OF THE CROWN.

This is a very difficult question for a layman to answer, for it is surrounded and beset with so many great considerations of International Law. Further than that, how can one prescribe or dictate a course of duty for a neutral power to follow?

What is meant by "protest"? I take it to mean—To give a warning, and if that were not heeded, to follow up with effective restraint or punishment.

1. "Should America have protested against the German violation of the neutrality of Belgium?" Unless she were a guarantor of such neutrality I do not think that matter was her concern. Hitherto she has kept out of European quarrels, and per contra has asserted the Monroe Doctrine.

2. "Should America have protested against the methods of barbarism of the Germans?" Were America and Germany both parties to the Geneva and Hague Conventions? If the Conventions were sanctioned by both of those nations, then surely both would be under moral obligation at least (a) to observe the terms; (b) to take action against any power, that, being a party to the Convention, broke and flagrantly violated the terms of the International Contract. This, however, which appears to be an arbitrary statement of the case, may have to be made subject to certain modifications and conditions. For instance—let it be granted that Germany, being a party to the contract, has broken it by having used expanding bullets, and that Great Britain, France or Russia has broken it by dropping projectiles from balloons, both being prohibited, what is America to say or do? That

may be where the difficulty of America lies. If there were irrefutable evidence that on the one side the belligerents had faithfully kept the compact, and it were equally clear on the other side that it had been ruthlessly broken, it would be easy to decide the issue. To take another point—Let it be granted that Germany has declared a kind of general war by sowing the high seas with mines and explosive engines, in that case it might be said, Surely any neutral power, such as America, whose shipping might be imperilled or destroyed, would be justified in interfering so as to punish Germany for the offence. But would such action on the part of Germany be in itself either a declaration or act of war towards a neutral, or would a neutral so injured have a right of choice as to war or in seeking compensation in other ways for damage actually done? I should think it would be allowed by the Comity of Nations that a Power injured has the choice of action, and should not be compelled to seek redress at a cost that might be greater than the damage suffered.

There is, however, this further consideration which is not included in your question. It is beyond doubt that Germany by sowing the seas with mines has made a breach of the agreement of nations, either expressed or understood. Therefore, in my judgment, America, and Italy as well, as Great Powers, should not only protest, but should unhesitatingly declare: "We have nothing to do with the quarrel, but you must stop such methods of warfare, failing which we will operate against you."

But let the case be removed from the Courts of International Law and Contract, and let it be assumed that Germany has broken every rule of civilised warfare, and

is guilty of the grossest acts of vandalism and barbarism, "Should America have protested?" In short, should she be following the game as "a field umpire?" or should she be a moral policeman? I cannot see that, strictly speaking, she is under obligation to interfere unless she herself is convinced that a Common Civilisation, in which she has a great property, is in jeopardy, and that it is her duty to save it from destruction. In that case the duties of trustee cannot be thrust upon the Republic, her people must realise the situation for themselves, and they must be impelled by a deep and solemn obligation to the human race, for the discharge of which they feel themselves to be answerable to their consciences and to God.

Short of such a lofty conception and sense of national duty, I am inclined to believe that the time for America's intervention has not yet arrived. The world's peace has been grievously, tragically and appallingly injured, but America is not the guarantor of that peace, nor can she be made to take up the burden. Probably she will not attempt to do so unless and until she feels the weight in such an oppressive way as to destroy her own peace of mind and well-being. But then and in such case, "protest" or intervention would be based on a foundation that would be much more materialistic than ethical.

In forming these opinions, I have endeavoured as far as possible to avoid the impulses and influences of sentiment, feeling and prejudice. With the greatest respect for opinions that very widely differ from mine, I submit that America should hold aloof until such time shall come when she can say authoritatively—It is enough! I now declare for the stoppage of the war, and will see to a fair adjustment of claims. From the point of view of the Allies she should not say that at present, unless she joined them and threw in her cause with theirs. For us to say she should do that because no other course is open to her, would be to beg the question.

THE HON. W. A. WATT, M.H.R.

I do not think that a formal diplomatic "protest" should have been made to the Kaiser by President Wilson, unless the latter were willing and prepared to back his representations by armed force.

But as the principal neutral nation, I consider America ought to have given publicity to her views against both (the violation of neutrality and the methods of German barbarism). The opportunity was afforded her on two occasions, viz., when the Belgian Commission visited the States, and when the Kaiser solicited the opinion of the Republic.

The authoritative expression of American disapproval of German tactics would have attained world-wide currency, and, I believe,

would have profoundly influenced the sentiments of belligerent and neutral nations alike.

HON. GEORGE SWINBURNE.

I thank you for the offer of an opportunity to express my views as to the attitude of the United States in not protesting against the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and the wanton destruction dealt out by the Germans.

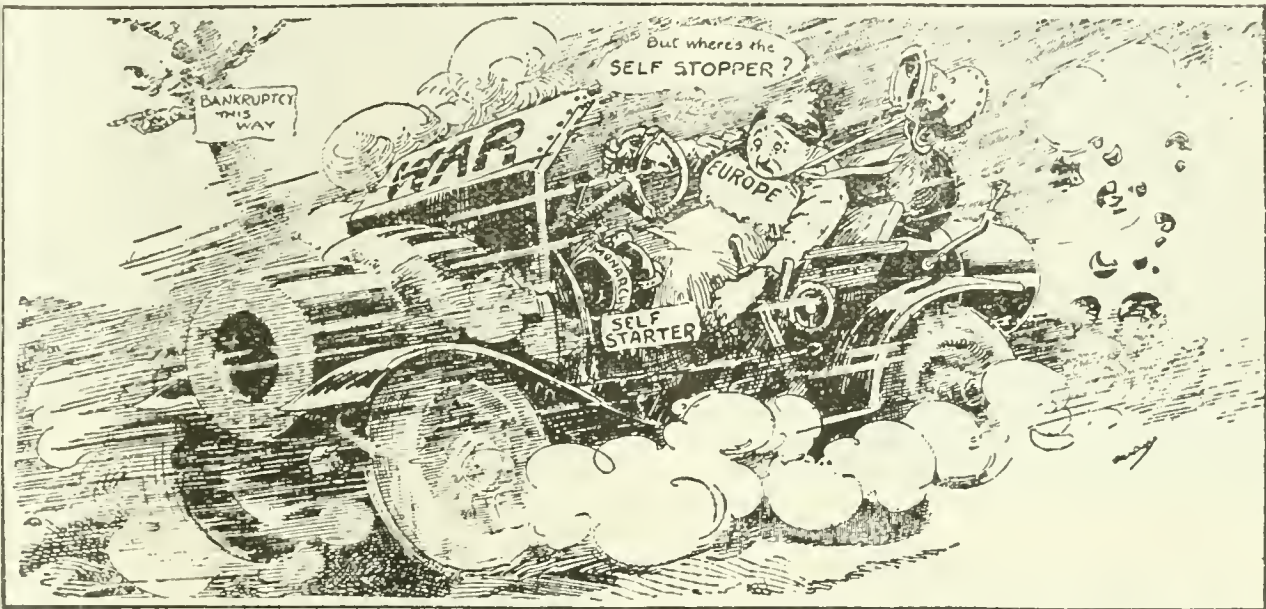
I cannot understand why the Government of the United States, although not a party to the treaty of Belgian neutrality, has not officially expressed its judgment of the former, as it is a question of the moral and national value of treaties, and surely it must have a strong opinion on that subject. Yet I strongly hold that we, as belligerents, have no right to publicly criticise a neutral Government or nation at this juncture. The United States Government has enormous responsibilities at this time of international crash, and I trust it to do what is right within its neutrality.

DR. J. W. BARRETT.

To one who appreciates, as I do, the strength of the United States of America to one who knows something of their efficiency and of the great social ideals which are making their appearance, to one who realises that their educational establishments are being created on a scale hitherto unheard of, and are conducted with German thoroughness, it has been disappointing to a degree that no official voice was raised in protest on the violation of neutrality and the ill-treatment of the Belgians. It was not necessary or desirable that America should contemplate war, but it was desirable that she should formally express her opinion on the attitude of Germany to a power such as Belgium, which had nothing to do with the cause of war, and whose neutrality had been formally guaranteed by Prussia. It is true that leading public men and leading newspapers have expressed their opinion, but it does seem to me that the United States of America, expressing as it does a desire for universal peace and a settlement of all disputes by arbitration, has missed a very great opportunity. Similar observations apply to the Belgian atrocities. If, on proper inquiry, any Government was satisfied that such proceedings had taken place, it was surely an obligation, in the interests of civilisation, to exert every diplomatic effort to mitigate the sufferings of the victims and to prevent the repetition of outrages. Only those who are acquainted with political obligations can fully appreciate the difficulties which the American Government may have had to contend with; but a proper and dignified representation to Germany, made after a judicial inquiry, would have gone far to lessen human suffering.

HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE.

Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us.—Burns



Daily News.] THE SELF-STARTER WORKED ALL RIGHT. [Chicago.



Sun.] [New York. BRINGING UP REINFORCEMENTS.



Daily Eagle.] SAMSON. [Brooklyn.

THE DESTROYERS.



[Eagle.]

[Brooklyn.]

"I'M DOING MY WORST—THIS MAY BE MY LAST APPEARANCE."

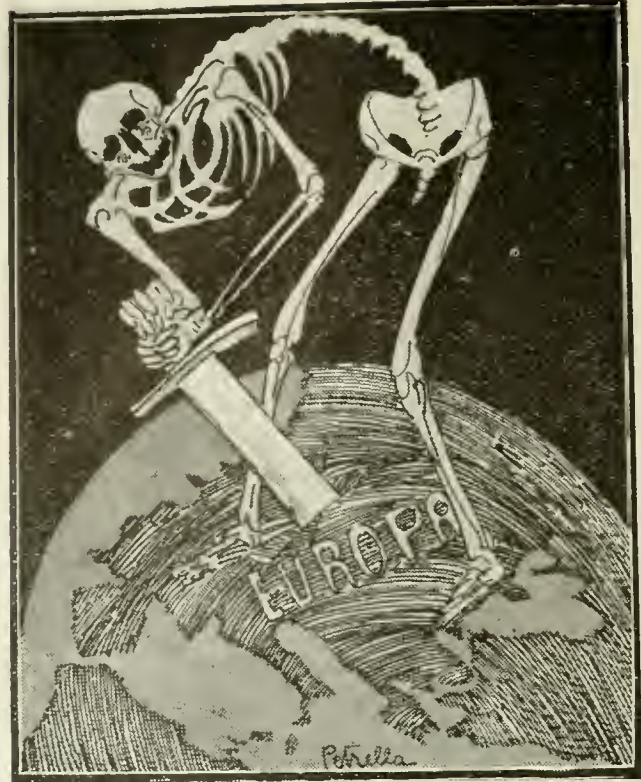
The caricatures from Europe are naturally not very numerous, but we are able to give several. The most interesting which we publish are taken from the American journals. Some of these are really very clever, as, for instance, that by Bradley in the *Chicago Daily*



[The Day.]

[New London.]

THE DESTROYER.



[Pasquino.]

[Turin.]

DEATH CUTTING THROUGH THE HEART OF EUROPE.

News, depicting the "Self-Starter." General Death bringing up reinforcements in the shape of General Winter, Napoleon's famous Generaux Janvier, Fevrier et Mars, is shown in the *New York Sun*. Many cartoons show how war is crippling industry and trade everywhere. Harding, in the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, with his Samson touches on this, and has the same idea in "Mars doing his worst." Let us hope that the caption is prophetic: The *New London Day* is rather stereotyped in its draw



[De Amsterdammer.]

PEACE IN THE CHURCHYARD.

PEACE (looking at the graves of German, French, and British soldiers): "This seems to be the only place where I really reign!"



[Mucha.]

[Warsaw.]

GERMANY PUSHES AUSTRIA ON TO ATTACK.

ing, which shows Militarism trampling on all the arts. *Pasquino*, of Turin, takes much the same view, showing



[Pasquino.]

[Turin.]

THE BEAR AT THE REAR.

GERMANY TO AUSTRIA: "Let us eat the Cock quickly. The Bear is advancing."



[O. Ze.]

[Lisbon.]

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

NICHOLAS: "It is time for you to stretch your wings, Little Poland. You see, I am not so bad as you thought."

death remorselessly cutting through Europe. *De Amsterdammer*, published in Holland—most terribly placed of all neutrals—suggests that there can be peace only in the grave. The Portuguese *O. Ze* shows the Tsar liberating the Poles. The Polish *Mucha* depicts the



[Mucha.]

[Warsaw.]

Austria is astonished that Poles should assist Russia.



[Pasquino.]

THE NEUTRALS.

[Turin.]

Let us eat while the others are fighting.

cripple Austria as amazed that after his light rule the Poles should yet assist the Tsar, whose rod has never been spared. The same paper shows unwilling Austria being shoved to the front



[Minneapolis Journal.]

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS!



[Hindi Punch.]

BOMBAY'S MESSAGE.

Or, Sir Leo of Bombay before His Majesty the British Lion.

by Germany. *Pasquino* rather ridicules her quondam allies in both its cartoons, the "Bear at the Rear," and "the Neutrals." *Hindi Punch*, though in ordinary times girding somewhat at the powers that be, has ably shown the



[Evening Sun.]

THE MAILED FIST.

[New York]

THE TREATY OF PEACE.

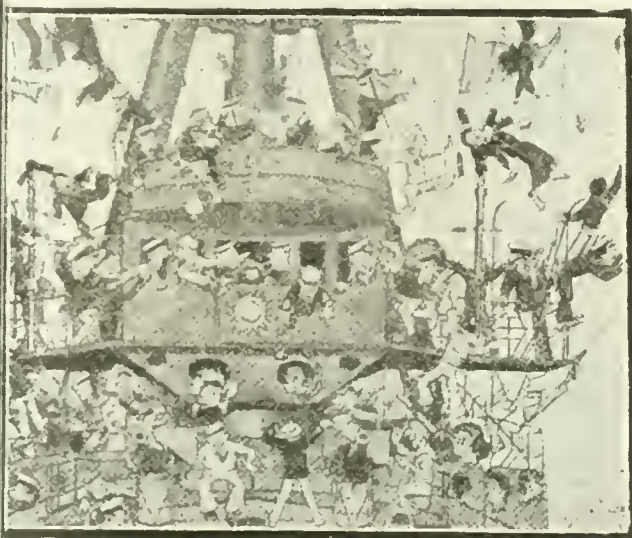


Pasquino. [Turin.
GERMANY: "What are the terms of Peace?"

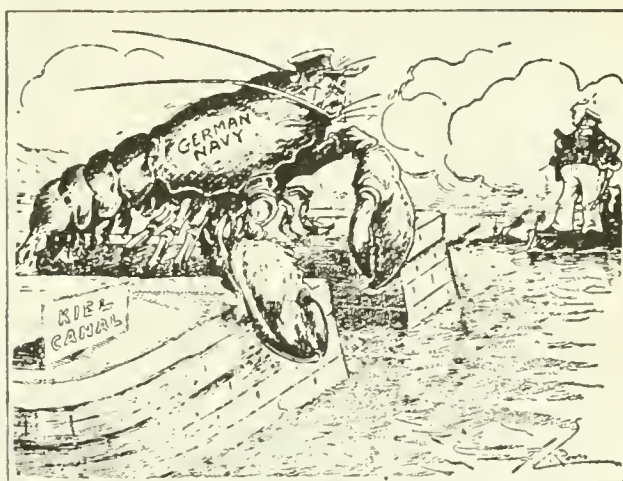


THE ALLIES: "Very simple. That you should put on the helmet upside down."

TWO OPPOSING VIEWS.



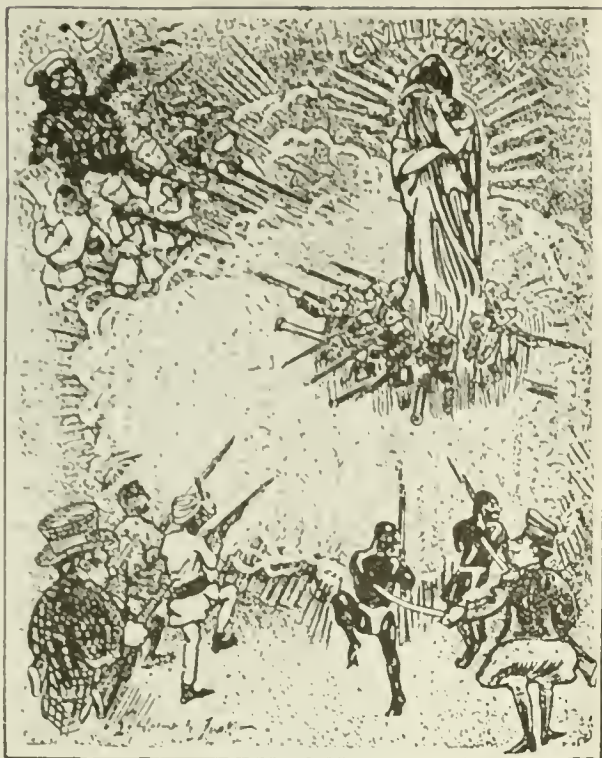
Illustrierte Blatt. [Frankfurt.
A Zeppelin is sighted by an English warship.



Daily Star. [Montreal.
JOHN BULL: "Well, well, I thought it was a navy!"

splendid loyalty of our fellow subjects in India. The *Minneapolis Journal* regards Britain, Japan and Russia as rather strange bedfellows, and the *New York Sun* gives a rather flamboyant exhibition of the methods of the mailed fist in chronicling the sinking of three British cruisers by a German submarine. We have always endeavoured to reproduce cartoons on both sides of all questions, no matter whether we agree with them or not. That is why we give this month the few German cartoons we

have been able to secure. As is to be expected, they all show a desire to belittle their foes—that is common to all caricaturists—but it is rather surprising to find an American paper suggesting that Germany is the defender of civilisation! The artist endeavours to make his point by showing France pushing forward Algerians and other blacks, and England prodding Indians to the front. Behind is Russia, using a knout to urge on troops who long for real liberty.



The Fatherland.]

[New York.

A GERMAN VIEW OF GERMANY AS DEFENDER OF CIVILISATION AGAINST THE BARBARIAN HOST.



[Ulk.]

[Berlin.

"ENGLAND TREMBLES FOR HER FLEET."

A German view of the wise arrangement which keeps our battleships out of the North Sea.



PATRIOTIC POST-CARDS ISSUED IN GERMANY.

1. Putting the French cock in the pot. 2. Why we seem to be running once more. 3. Ge many "settles" her foes. 4. "I had almost forgotten how to run!" 5. A soldier's stomach ca stand an extraordinary diet. 6. French chorus: "Don't throw down any more; we are runnin away without that."

ALLIES VERSUS GERMANY.

THE STRATEGY OF THE EARLY CAMPAIGNS.

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS.

The following article, by the editor of the New York "Evening Sun," gives a most lucid and illuminating account of the first few weeks of the war. Naturally it does not review the campaign to date, as it was written when the Battle of the Aisne was still raging, but it gives easily the clearest, most intelligible and direct story of the great German rush to Paris, and the recoil which followed, that we have yet read. Mr. Simonds has the great advantage of having seen uncensored letters from American correspondents, and has been able to compare the British and French reports with those the Germans have sent out. Consequently, his account is fuller and more accurate than anyone, relying only on the official announcements from London and Paris, could possibly produce. The article was specially written for the "Review of Reviews" in the United States. As it was to be read by an American audience, Mr. Simonds naturally made comparisons with the great American War of 1864.

I.—THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE.

In any review of the military operations of the European War during September, the history of the German offensive thrust into France necessarily commands attention almost to the exclusion of all else. In Poland and Galicia mighty battles have been fought; victories destined perhaps to contribute more than the western battles to the next map-making in Europe were achieved. But it was the struggle from Brussels to the gates of Paris that held the attention of the world.

Primarily this was because the preme military machine of the world was here subjected to its first trial in nearly half a century. From Sedan to the Battle of the Marne the German army had been held the greatest military weapon in the world, and armed with it the German Kaiser had dominated the empires of Europe during his whole reign. Since Waterloo destroyed the Napoleonic army no troops, save those of the German Empire, had enjoyed an equal fame.

In the trial of September, too, the German army showed itself not unworthy of its reputation. To measure the magnitude of the German offensive must be the work of general staffs in the future, but at the present moment, close to the event, the spectacle of a nation launching more than a million magnificently trained, fully equipped

men, whose courage equalled their efficiency, in one gigantic drive, sending them in three weeks forward over more than two hundred miles, from victory to victory in battles far surpassing the Napoleonic struggles in numbers engaged, and rivalling the Russo-Japanese War in the sacrifice of life, seems in all our written history comparable only with dispatch of the myriads of Xerxes against Greece, and the Armada of Spain against England.

II.—THE ATTACK UPON FRANCE.

In the examination of the gigantic military operation three distinct things must be considered. It is necessary, first, to explain why Germany should have decided to utilise practically all of her enormous military machine in a thrust at France; second, why the route through Belgium was selected, despite the fact that the violation of Belgian neutrality insured the appearance of Great Britain in the ranks of her enemies; third, it remains to review the actual military operations themselves in their three separate phases, the drive at the left flank, the thrust at the centre, and the recoil.

German attack upon France was dictated by the following considerations:—In a war with France, Russia, Great Britain, and Servia, having only Austria as an ally, it was certain that when all her foes had their military strength in the field, Germany would be

decisively outnumbered. But at the outset of the conflict only France could mobilise with approximately the same promptitude as Germany. The size of Russia, the inadequacy of her system of communications, the comparative inefficiency of her general staff, as Berlin saw it, the long delay that would be necessary before Great Britain could put anything but a small expeditionary force in the field, all these circumstances combined to give Germany a period of some weeks during which she could strike at France.

If, while England was raising an army and Russia slowly coming up, restrained by a thin screen of Germans and most of the field army of Austria, Germany could deal France a swift, tremendous, decisive blow, not defeating, but destroying her military force, repeating in 1914 the successes of 1870 on a colossal scale, then Germany might hope to be finally rid of one foe before the others were up. At Paris she could dictate French submission, and turn her victorious army against Russia.

The Kaiser's position was precisely that of Napoleon at the outset of his last campaign. In Belgium, British and Prussian armies were on foot; from Austria, Russia, the rest of Europe, new armies were sure to come; Napoleon's plan was to crush the armies in Belgium before the others came up, and deal with them in turn. For this purpose he fought the Waterloo campaign.

III.—THE ADVANCE THROUGH BELGIUM.

Precisely the same necessities compelled the Germans to go through Belgium as inspired their attack upon France. Granted that for six weeks they were free to use their massive military machine against France almost exclusively, it was equally necessary that they should have a way to get to France promptly, to be at the throat of the enemy without delay. Hence it was impossible to attack France from the Franco-German frontier. Here, from the very morning of her terrible defeat in 1870, France had been building tremendous forts. Verdun, Toul, Epinal,

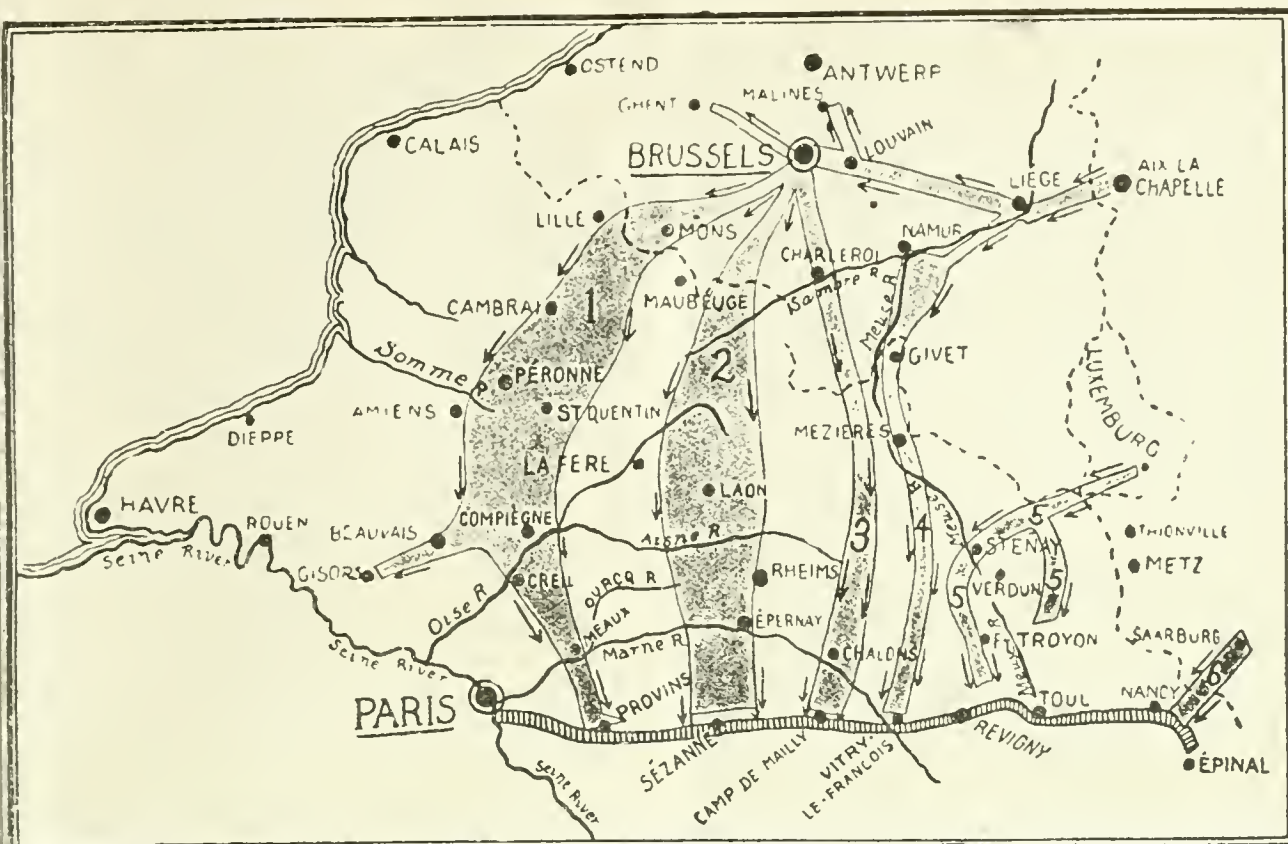
Belfort barred this approach, and behind them was a second line hardly less formidable.

It was true that none of these fortresses was impregnable, but to smash through them with the whole field army of France manning them—this would consume time, and there was lacking to the Germans time for such an operation. Not through the Vosges could their swift and terrible thrust be sent. There remained the Belgian gateway. Westward from Aix-la-Chapelle in Germany to Liège in Belgium ran one of the great trunk railroads of Europe. West of Liège the line opened into several double-track routes across the plain to Brussels. From Brussels south to Paris yet more trunk lines flowed over level country destitute of large rivers, high mountains, or other natural obstacles to the quick advance of an invading army. If Germany were to crush France by one blow, then, here was her only possible avenue of approach. Taking it, she could hope to come to Paris and overwhelm French military strength either by weight of numbers or skill of her strategical dispositions within the time allotted her. Accordingly without the slightest hesitation, she chose the Belgian route, and the first roar of hostile artillery in the world war was heard under the forts of Liège, almost before the first declaration of war was forth.

IV.—THE SHADOW OF SEDAN.

From the attack on Liège on August 4 until the German mobilisation was complete, a period of twelve days, the press of the world was filled with the reports of the gallantry of the Belgian army, which with apparent success fought off the cavalry screens sent forward by the Germans while they gathered their masses. In the first flush of Belgian resistance the suspicion went abroad that German military strength had been overestimated, that the machine was breaking down at the very start. But for all disrespect shown in these days the press of the Allies was to pay dearly and without delay.

Thus on or about August 17 the German invading army, hardly less than a



THE MARCH OF THE GERMAN ARMIES INTO FRANCE.

(The shaded portions indicate the sweep of the different armies:—1. Von Kluck. 2. Von Bülow. 3. Von Hausen. 4. Grand Duke Albrecht. 5. Crown Prince. 6. Von Heeringen, coming from Lorraine.)

million strong, finally stepped forward, rushed down Belgian resistance with scarcely an effort, sent the shattered fragments of the Belgian army back upon Antwerp, occupied Brussels on August 20, and wheeling to the left began its tremendous drive at Paris, opening east and west as it advanced.

Now, what was the state of the French army on August 20, when this overwhelming blow was about to fall? At least two-thirds of its number were fighting far off along the Meuse and the Vosges. Before Nancy the much-advertised "counter-offensive" had come to grief, and after a brief foray into German Lorraine had been sent home shattered. South before Belfort another invading French army clung to Mulhausen, which it had taken, lost, and retaken. Along the Meuse a third experiment in the offensive had ended equally unhappily.

On the north between Paris and the German flood a few army corps were barely beginning to take position just beyond the French frontier along the Sambre from Charleroi to Namur and along the Meuse from Namur to

Mézières, where junction was made with the beaten force retiring from the recent offensive. Westward toward Lille and about Mons two British army corps were also taking position, but were not yet ready. All told, there were perhaps in the north Anglo-French troops amounting to a third of the German mass.

When they wheeled left in Brussels and started toward Paris the Germans were actually nearer to the French capital than either of the great French armies on the east. If they could crush the allied force before them, or outflank it and roll it east away from Paris, they could envelop the whole military force of France in a net pinned down at one end on the Swiss frontier, and carried at the other by the swiftly moving right of the German advance. With three of their six weeks still remaining, the Germans were in a position to repeat Sedan on a truly colossal scale. To this effort the following ten days were devoted.

V.—BY THE LEFT FLANK.

On August 23 the first blow fell. At the same time the allied centre near

Charleroi and the right on the Meuse near Givet were assailed, overwhelmed, forced back after desperate fighting, while Namur, to the amazement of the world, capitulated. The British on the left about Mons repulsed several savage attacks, but were involved in the general retreat. This was rather an attempt to destroy by sheer weight than to out-flank, and only by rapid retreat was disaster avoided.

The second blow came upon August 26, and fell upon the British alone. Standing about Cambrai, Le Cateau, Landrecies, and preparing to withdraw, the British army, two corps against five, were suddenly assailed by a huge German army, which struck at their front and at the same time reached for their flanks. This was the critical moment, not merely for the British, threatened with annihilation as Sir John French has reported, but for the whole northern army, for if the British were destroyed the whole left flank of the allied forces was gone, the centre and the left would be rolled up as the British had been, the northern army would be destroyed, and the mass of the Germans would be between Paris and the eastern armies, could surround them, destroy them by sheer weight of numbers, and turn then to its Russian task.

But the British army was not destroyed. Fighting, as it fought at Waterloo, with the same obstinacy, tenacity, imperturbability, it finally shook off its assailants, staggered back, won clear, and went home, dealing terrific blows as it went, and inflicting losses which were enormous. When next it stood, fresh French troops protected its left, and with its escape the German move by the left flank was, as it turned out later, blocked, but by how narrow a margin is now plain.

VI.—NEWS FROM THE EAST.

Yet as the German armies were winning their first victory on fields familiar to the students of the Waterloo campaign, their generals received news of evil omen. Precisely as Napoleon, at the moment he was launching his attack upon Wellington, learned of the appearance of Prussians in the fields toward

Plancenot, the German commanders at Charleroi heard that Russians had stepped over into East Prussia, won several victories, isolated Koenigsberg, and was driving forward toward the Vistula furiously. Evidently Russian mobilisation had been quicker than was expected, and at the end of the third week it was necessary to deplete the armies in France. Two corps then were sent, while the Battle of Cambrai was still unfought.

Cambrai won, but the great enveloping drive balked, there was yet worse news from the East, this time from Galicia. Here the main Austrian field army was in distress, had met with disaster at Lemberg, the first real disaster of the war; five corps had been crushed, half the Austrian force in that region. Unsupported, the Austrian army might be annihilated. Now it was necessary to send east, not alone the two Austrian corps, hitherto aiding in the attack upon France, but five German corps. To make the matter worse, here was a Servian army, having routed four more Austrian corps at the Jedar, driving north for Hungary.

Having sent seven corps east, two to East Prussia, four to Galicia, the advantage of numbers was no longer with the Germans in France. Five corps were withdrawn from Alsace, and this relieved an equal number of French corps, which moving on interior lines might soon be expected in Picardy or Champagne. It was Waterloo over again, with the Russians playing the Prussian rôle and more and more insistently demanding the attention of the very troops relied upon to give the fatal blow to the defenders, hard-pressed now, having narrowly escaped disaster, but still unbroken.

VII.—THE BLOW AT THE CENTRE.

By September 1 it was plain that the German move by the left flank had failed. Steadily retreating, the French left had come squarely home under the guns of Paris. The centre following stood behind the Marne River; the left prolonged the line to the Argonne, where it joined with the armies of the Meuse and the Vosges facing north and

east respectively. It was no longer possible to envelop a wing. But it was still possible to break through the centre, cut the line between Paris and the eastern fortresses as a flood sweeps away a dam resting on either wall of a valley, destroy the centre, and then deal with the wings in detail.

For the Germans the stroke was necessary, since they still had the whole force of France to dispose of; it had retreated, but it had not been shattered. If it could not be destroyed, since Russia was pounding ahead terribly in Galicia, requiring larger and larger depletions of western armies, then a retreat from France was inevitable, for already the Germans were outnumbered in both fields, and the advantage due to better concentration at the start was passing rapidly, had perhaps vanished. Hence the decision to strike at the centre.

To the American this change in plan is best described by recalling the course of Lee at Gettysburg. On the second day the whole weight of his attack was upon the left, his necessity to get Round Top, roll up the left, and dispose of the Union army. By a narrow margin he failed, and on the third day his effort was to break the centre against which he launched Pickett in his famous charge.

But as the advantage on the third day at Gettysburg was all with Meade, so at this point in the campaign in France, it rested with Joffre. He had had two weeks to repair the earlier blunders. He had superior numbers, his flanks were safe, he could fight upon the field he selected, and on this field he had been preparing for many days. Finally, his troops were fresh, reinforced by new corps, were close to their bases, could be easily reinforced and supplied. The Germans on their side were exhausted by efforts unparalleled in war, their losses had been terrible, they were far from their bases, the railroads were destroyed, the roads wrecked, the odds unmistakable.

VIII.—THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

General Von Kluck, who commanded the German advance, must also have

realised, by September 1, that the move by the left flank had failed. The allied left was back too near to Paris to leave any chance of cutting in behind it. To take a homely figure, the allied army from Mons to Compiègne had been in the position of a closing door; it hung on the barrier fortresses to the east, and was swinging closed on Paris. General Von Kluck had been endeavouring to get in the doorway before it closed. By this time the crack was too narrow, and a day or two later it banged shut on Paris.

As Von Kluck advanced, the armies of Von Beulow, Von Hausen, the Grand Duke Albrecht, and the Crown Prince had kept pace, while the allied armies facing them had given way, not because of the pressure of the armies in front of them, but because the withdrawal of the Anglo-French on the left exposed their flank. Now the left stood on Paris, the right on the barrier fortresses, the centre south of the Marne River on a slightly curving line passing through Montmirail, Sézanne, La Fère Champenoise, Camp de Mailly, Vitry-le-François, to Revigny, on the Ornain, just north of Bar-le-Duc. North of this point Verdun and the barrier fortresses above Toul were now half surrounded by the Crown Prince's army coming west by Stenay, and had been left to their own resources.

Between Vitry and Paris the railway distance is 127 miles; the front of the Allies was rather shorter. On this line they had concentrated an army subsequently estimated at 1,100,000. In addition the garrison at Paris counted 500,000. Against this the Germans did not have above 900,000. To succeed it was necessary to throw their full weight upon one point. They selected the centre, and in the next few days the whole drive was between Sézanne and Vitry, centring at Camp de Mailly, happily for the French the field on which for years their artillery had been tested and their artillerists practised. Nowhere else in all France could their shooting be expected to be half so good.

The first operation was Von Kluck's. On September 1 he was north, and as

much west as east of Paris. Gathering in all his outriding detachments he marched south east across the front of the Allies before Paris, and then south across the Marne. His advance, if continued, would have brought him on the left of the French centre, which he would have struck on the flank, while Von Bülow struck it full in front. The result would have been disastrous if he had been able to carry out his design, but he failed.

His failure was due to the fact that he was attempting to execute a movement which could only be successful if the garrison of Paris was too small to take the offensive, and if the Anglo-French troops who had faced him from the Sambre to the Marne were definitely out of the game. Otherwise, when he had passed Paris going south, the garrison could strike toward his flank and rear while the Anglo-French force advanced against his front. Then he would be precisely in the same peril that Sir John French had been in at Cambrai. Only the prompt collapse of the allied centre could help him.

No sooner had he touched Provins than the trap was sprung. At the same moment the Paris garrison struck his flank and rear, the British and French his front. The two lines closed upon him as a pair of scissors upon a sheet of paper. For two days he was in deadly peril, and his escape here was a supreme triumph of generalship. But in escaping he at last relinquished the offensive. More than this, in going back he opened the flank and rear of the German centre, which had battled terrifically but had not pierced the allied centre. That in turn had to halt, concentrate, and start back; then the left was in the air, and had to follow suit. By September 12 the whole German force was going back, followed by French and English troops tasting at last the joy of victory.

This was the answer of French strategy to German, a retreat on a selected position—a battle at last with every chance in favour of the Allies, after three weeks of delay which brought the Russians up, and compelled weakening the

German battle line in France to save the eastern frontier. To gain this time, this advantage, General Joffre had sacrificed cities and provinces to flame and sword. It was the calculation of a strong man, who trusted his nation and his government, but neither the nation nor general was unworthy of such confidence.

IX.—THE RECOIL.

When the Germans started back and the whole allied line, like the soldiers who obeyed the famous command, "Up, guards, and at them," at Waterloo, flung themselves into the pursuit, the situation of the two armies was strangely reversed. From Cambrai to Paris, Von Kluck had been upon the allied flank struggling to get behind it and crumple it up, and after it the centre and left. Now the garrison of Paris, done with garrison work for a time, was on his flank, reaching for his lines of communication, snapping up his ammunition trains in the first hours of the advance. Now he was racing for his life to get ahead of the flank thrust, and precisely as the Anglo-French left in retreat dragged the whole force with it, Von Kluck was dragging the whole German army.

Back over the same roads on which they had advanced, suffering alike from weariness, hunger, lack of ammunition, but still moving almost as fast as when they came, the German army toiled, evacuating town after town whose capture had been a famous victory in Berlin bulletins, leaving behind straggling thousands and much of the impedimenta of war, beaten upon by torrential rains, assailed by troops still fresh and rested, followed by British cavalry led by Sir John French, possibly the greatest living cavalryman—such was the German recoil. Again and again the weary lines halted and the artillery fought off the attack. From the Seine to the Aisne, there was no rout. So far the German army showed itself quite as great in retreat as the Allies. So far it was not a Waterloo, but it was a Gettysburg—a Gettysburg followed by a prompt, sweeping, tremendous pursuit. The thing that Meade failed to do, Joffre and French did not hesitate to

undertake. And so, having raced from the frontier to Paris to get on the allied flank, the Germans raced from Paris toward the frontier to save their own flank. For them the world had turned upside down; for the historians it was a marvellous repetition of a tremendous drama.

For fifty years the farthest point in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg has been pointed out as the high-water mark of the Confederacy. The high-water mark of German invasion was Lagny, seventeen miles from Paris, and five from the outer ring of forts. Von Kluck reached it on September 6, thirteen days earlier than Von Moltke in 1870.

X.—THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.

The German attack upon France was a desperate effort to end a war, so far as France was concerned, by a single dash. The Russian operations were from the outset frankly the beginning of a campaign. Nor is it possible yet to review, even with the relative clarity official statements for the western field permit, the progress of the terrific battles along the Vistula, the Dneister, and the San. Only the broader outlines can be sketched.

For the Russians two tasks were necessarily set. Beginning at the earliest possible moment they must exercise pressure upon the German forces in East Prussia, and compel the recall of troops from the French field of operations; second, they must crush Austrian military strength before prospective German victories in the west should release army corps to join in the eastern battles.

The geography of the Russian campaign is simple. Russian Poland projects far into the bulk of Austro-German territory—is, in fact, more than half surrounded by German East Prussia and Austrian Galicia. The westernmost town of Russian Poland is little more than 200 miles from Berlin, and the road lies through the German fortress of Posen. On this road it might be expected that Russia would thrust out.

But such expectation wholly disregarded the military situation. Had Russia sent her main army this way, it

would have been open to attack on both flanks by the troops of hostile territory north and south, and its communications with Russia might have been cut behind it almost before it had crossed the frontier. Because of this, Russian mobilisation was based not on Warsaw in the middle of Russian Poland, but on the Memel-Czernowitz line far behind. The first operations were directed not at invading Posen, but at crushing German troops in East Prussia and Austrian in Galicia, thus clearing the flanks for the main advance.

Therefore the first fighting was on the eastern frontier of Prussia, about Gumbinnen, where a considerable Russian army stepped over the line, defeated the Germans, rolled them back to Königsberg, while a second army coming north from Warsaw struck at Allenstein south of Danzig. This invasion, barely three weeks after war had been declared, compelled the transfer of two German corps from the west to east. Once they arrived, Russian invasion was checked, Russian armies wholly defeated, and sent home, but the two corps had still to be kept on the field.

Meanwhile operations far to the south demonstrated that the East Prussian operations had been minor. For presently about Lemberg, in Galicia, a huge Russian force—the Austrians estimated it at a million—began to exercise pressure. Its left on the Carpathians, its right in Russian Poland before Lubin, toward which the Austrian left was striking, its centre before Lemberg, this Russian army advanced through ten days of furious fighting. The battle ended in Austrian disaster. On the right, Halicz on the Dniester was carried by storm and the defending force routed. Two days before, Lemberg fell, abandoned by a defeated army hastening west toward Przemyśl, the chief fortress of Galicia.

The fall of Lemberg was announced on September 1, with the report of the capture of 80,000 Austrians and the killing and wounding of 50,000 more. Five corps, five of the eight non-Slav corps which make up the Austrian army, were crushed. As for the Austrian left

moving on Lublin, it was left in the air, and had to turn back, fighting all the time to get to the cover of Przemysl and Jaroslav. It, too, met with disaster. By September 16 Russian official bulletins announced the capture of 250,000 Austrian troops, a third of the eastern army, together with cannon innumerable and a wealth of material, the flight of the survivors, the investment of Przemysl, of Cracow, the appearance of Cossacks on the crests of the Carpathians toward Hungary, above all the beginning of the main Russian advance to Berlin by Breslau and Silesia.

The campaign in East Prussia had recalled two German corps before the Battle of Cambrai, the victory of Lemberg five more, before the Battle of the Marne. Eastward, too, came two corps which Austria had rashly enough lent to Germany to crush France.

In the west, France had demonstrated that her army was not that of Sedan. In the east, Russia proved that the lessons of Mukden were not forgotten. By her victories in Galicia she had also, by September 17, apparently destroyed Austrian military strength. Her task had been to weaken German strength in France and crush Austria; she had performed both tasks beyond the expectations of her Allies.

XI.—FROM THE MARNE TO THE AISNE.

It remains to review briefly the operations from the Marne to the Aisne—operations still continuing at the moment these lines are written. When General Von Kluck fought his way out of the trap set for him near Paris and started north, he was exactly in the position of the Allies during the long retreat from the Sambre to the Marne. All that time German strategy had laboured, first to encircle the allied left and roll it up, interposing between it and Paris; second, to crush the allied army when at last it made a stand at the Marne. Now the Allies on Von Kluck's front and flank were driving at the same object.

From September 7 to 14 Von Kluck went north. On the 13th, with their right flank protected by the Oise, beyond which to the west a strong flank

guard stood at Noyon, seventy miles north of Paris, the German forces began to take root behind Soissons, with the Aisne in their front. Under pressure they gave slightly, and stood on the heights to the north from Loan east through Craonne, across the Aisne north of Rheims to the Argonne, beyond which the Crown Prince was struggling desperately to get out of trouble. On this line Von Buelow, Von Hausen, and the Grand Duke Albrecht had taken positions, falling back and keeping in touch with Von Kluck.

In all this time the French strategy revealed itself in an effort to get on the right flank of Von Kluck, in pressing hard upon the centre at the same time, and in a hard drive to catch the Crown Prince. In the general advance of the Germans, the mission of the Crown Prince had been to surround the barrier fortresses of Verdun and Toul, while General Von Heeringen, coming west against Nancy, from Alsace-Lorraine, had endeavoured to cut them off to the south. Had this move succeeded there would then have been opened a short road between the Germans and their own fortresses and railroads at Metz and Thionville, and the long and dangerous route through Belgium could be abandoned, and the thousands of soldiers occupied in guarding it released. When it failed, it left the Crown Prince west of Verdun (still untaken), with his line of retreat in peril, because the French at Verdun were on both sides of the Meuse and nearer than he to his base.

Thus in the fighting that followed and still continues, the object of the French was and is to attempt to turn both flanks of the German position between the Oise and the Meuse, while at the same time exerting pressure on the centre to force a general retreat out of France.

The Battle of Cambrai proved to be the defeat of the German plan to envelop the Allies and achieve a second Sedan. The Battle of the Marne, like the Battle of Gettysburg, was a victory for an army standing and accepting a battle which, if unfavourable, might have brought national disaster.



MOSQUE AT JOHORE, RECENTLY BUILT BY THE SULTAN.

OUR MOHAMMEDAN NEIGHBOURS.

BY R. G. NIALL.

Just now when there is so much thought expended on the probability of a jihad or holy war being proclaimed by the Mohammedan world against the white allied races, it might be of interest to Australians to learn something about our Mohammedan neighbours. These are the Malay tribes of the Malay Peninsula and the East Indies, and the Moros of the Sulu Archipelago and southern Philippine Islands.

The Moros derive their name from the Spanish for Moors. They also are of Malay origin, with apparently a strong admixture of Arab blood, which gives them a darker colour than the Malay. The Malays carry the reputation of having been great pirates, well, for the moment I will not dispute it. I have found them a courteous, pleasant and cheerful people.

Sir Spencer St. John, in "Forests of the Far East," says of the Sarawak Malays:—

They are faithful to their relatives, and devotedly attached to their children. Remarkably free from crimes, and when they are committed, they generally rise from jealousy. Brave when well led, they inspire

confidence in their commanders; they are highly sensitive to dishonour, and tenacious as regards their conduct towards each other, and being remarkably polite in manner, they render agreeable all intercourse with them.

Sir W. H. Treacher, late Resident-General of the Federated Malay States, says: "The Malay is possessed of at least as much passive courage as the average Englishman."

My own experience tells me that a more agreeable race than the Javanese, more particularly the Sudanese of the central provinces, one would have to travel far out of Malaysia to find.

But the above describes a people who have been practically freed from the tyranny of petty Rajahs. What that tyranny was may be gauged from the fact that on the Dutch occupation of Java about 300 years ago, we are told the population did not amount to four millions, to-day it is close upon 40 millions. How they must have slaughtered one another by internal wars! *Vox populi, vox tyranni.*

From Dutch official records we find:

The princes ruled over the people with absolutely unlimited authority; without other



MORO BOAT JOLO.

These are the boats used for smuggling. The two outriggers allow the use of an immense sail. They easily run away from a steam launch in a favourable wind.

laws than those that they themselves imposed. The idea of property, even that in wife and child, was entirely unknown to the native, whenever the will of his rulers came into play.

The pirates of the Malay Archipelago were fifty years ago known as Sulus, Lanuns, and Balenini, but today the same people are called Moros. Previous to the advent of the white trader to supply them with gunpowder, Dampier, in 1686-7, spent six months with the Moros in their home islands, and "was very hospitably received." He describes them as being "a peaceable people." Later, one of their chiefs, the Datu Teting, was put in the stocks by the officials of British North Borneo, and we are told, "subjected to indignities." In 1775 Datu Teting wiped out the settlement near Marudu Bay, and with it British prestige in Northern Borneo.

The Spanish took possession of the Philippine Islands in 1565, and before Datu Teting's exploit the Dutch were also in these waters. About this time we find Moro prahus, some of 60 tons burden, broad of beam, over 90 feet in length, having a double tier of oars

worked by slaves, when required, carrying 6 to 24 pounder iron and brass guns, and from 30 to 40 fighting men each, sweeping in fleets numbering sometimes 200 vessels through the Archipelago. Travelling round the south side of Borneo they raided Java, Sumatra, and the west coast of the Malay Peninsula as far as Rangoon, returning *via* Singapore and the North Coast of Borneo. They raided the Moluccas through to New Guinea, and the Philippine Islands through to Manila. Many of the old Filipino watch towers, built out of coral rock, still stand, from which guards gave warning of the approach of the Moro prahu. The villagers then fled to the mountains and jungle with their goods. Captives taken in one part of the Archipelago were sold as slaves in another part, or taken home.

The Moros never hesitated to attack Europeans, not excepting even the Dutch and Spanish gunboats of a later period, which on occasions they handled severely. Bruni, in Northern Borneo became one of their strongholds, and was famous for its brass foundries. In

1846 it was broken up by the British, and a number of cannon captured were melted up to make guns for use in the Crimean war.

In 1834 the Moros, with their customary hardihood, raided the small islands opposite the Harbour of Singapore. In 1847 they attacked the British gunboat *Jolly Bachelor*, and in the same year eleven prahus, being surprised by the *Nemesis* near Bruni, came to an anchor in a small bay with their bows seaward. Secured together with hawsers they fought desperately, the engagement lasting several hours. Five prahus were destroyed, and six escaped. They were laden with plunder and captives. The British liberated 100 Chinese and Malays. In 1858 they captured a Spanish vessel, and carried off a Spanish girl. In 1862, when raiding the Sarawak coast, they were attacked by a gunboat, they fought desperately till the last, then jumped into the sea with their arms.

In 1874 they were so active in their own Sulu Archipelago that the Spaniards were unable to suppress them. The authorities issued a proclamation that all people caught in prahus would be sentenced to labour in the plantations,

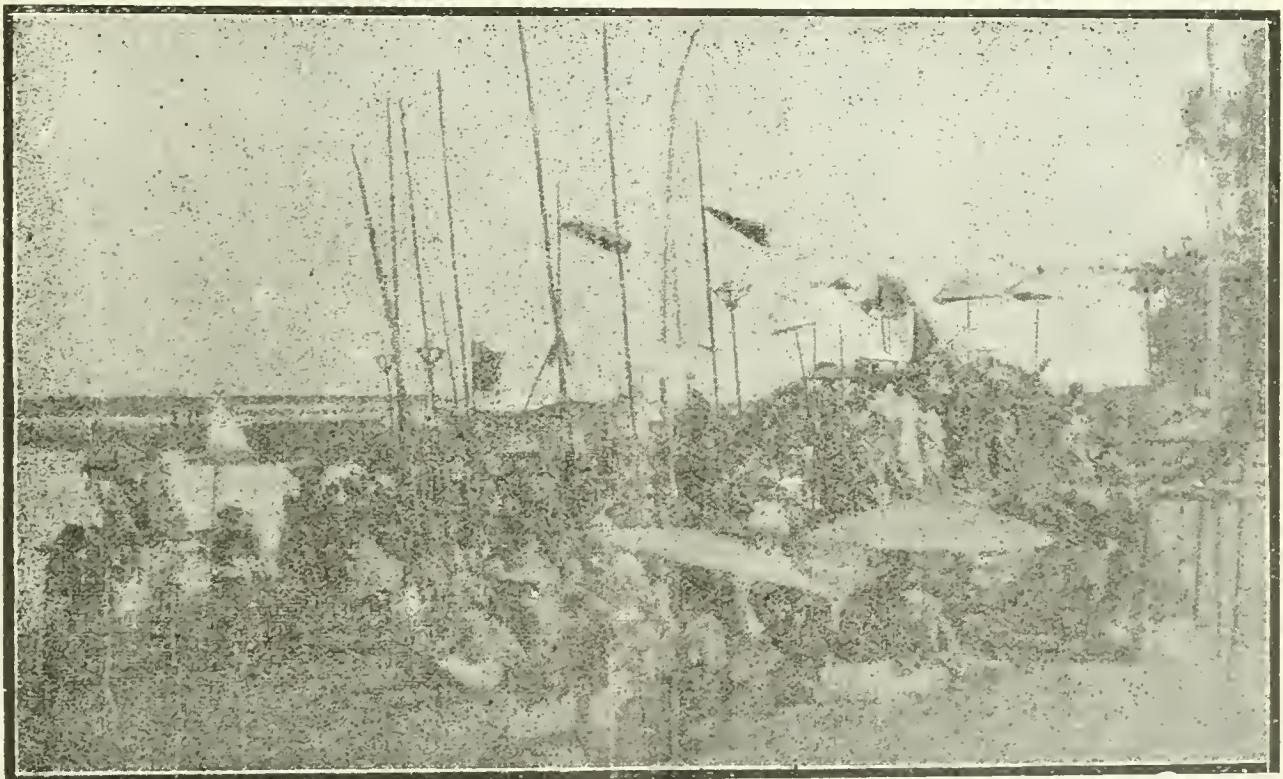
whilst those found with arms would be tried by court-martial. Thus they attempted to confine them to the cultivation of the land.

Tungku, near Sandakan, was the last of their piratical strongholds in Borneo. From there excursions were made capturing about 200 people. In 1879, not forty years ago, it was broken up.

A feature of the Moro's activities which I wish to emphasise is that, though Mohammedans, they never hesitated to raid Mohammedans; they carried off a person of high status as readily as they did him of a lower.

A fierce, brave people, though cruel and murderous, if you like, under the tutelage of their native Datus. The Spaniards were never able to conquer the Moros. After their departure it fell to the lot of the Americans to do so.

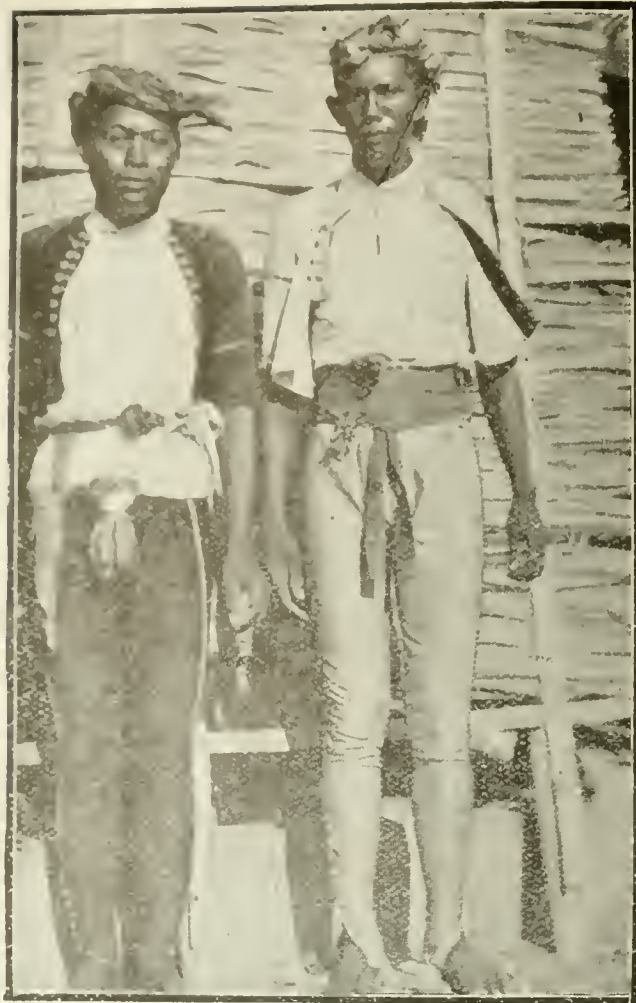
Jolo, a small walled town, built by the Spaniards, is now the trading centre in the Sulu Islands. Here General Pershing was encamped with his forces last year after having had several encounters with the enemy. While the Manila papers were trying to raise the question whether the Moros should not be exterminated, the General, in direct



A HINDU RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.
Gods being conveyed, in gorgeous gilt chairs, to bathe in the water.



A MORO DATU CHIEF.



TWO TYPICAL FILIPINO MOROS.



TWO MORO DATUS AND THEIR WOMEN FOLK.



MORO BOAT. MINDANAO.

Used for ordinary purposes. Some 20 feet long, holding 15 to 20 people.

communication with Washington, was humanely endeavouring to bring about settled conditions without further bloodshed. When the Moro is attacked in his fortress his women and children fight with him, and to shoot down women and children is not to the liking of most European races.

The Moro being a brave man, the American soldier respects him, and recognises his value in the near future. Ask a Moro for his opinion, and he gives you a candid answer with perfect indifference as to whether you will find it flattering or not. Once make a friend of him, and he is unswerving and steadfast, qualities which conspicuously distinguish him from many of his neighbours. Ask the American soldier how he likes fighting him, and he tells you that he would sooner fight two white-men than one Moro. Besides their firearms, they have a favourite weapon called the barong. Like that of our

Gurkhas, it is a heavy knife, convex on the front, and straight on the back, about 2 feet 6 inches long by three inches at the broadest. With it they inflict fearful wounds. At night a Moro will creep up and quietly slay the sentry, then once in your camp, look out, for he does not fear death. A favourite trick is to cut the cord by which some of the tent tops are suspended to the limb of a tree or cross stick, and then when the tent drops on the occupants, to jump into the middle and stab through the canvas. The scabbard of his barong is a split bamboo tied round with grass. He will approach a victim without drawing it, because when he strikes, bamboo and all, the blade shears through the grass ties, and the bamboo, dropping away, is no impediment.

Frequently they go to their priests when hostilities are pending, and get blessed, then they shave their eyebrows, run amok where they can find enemies, and go straight to Paradise. But often they would take one or more soldiers with them, even when they charged the firing line as the modern rifle would put several bullets through a man without stopping him. Therefore, the Americans armed their men on night duty with riot guns, 12 bore magazine shot guns, about one foot shorter in the barrel than the ordinary shot gun, and having cartridges loaded with swan-drop. The shock from these not only stopped a man, but turned him right over.

Jolo was the headquarters of the Moro Sultan. He was subsidised by both the Americans and the British North Borneo Company to keep his people in order. But a Sultan inclined to a peaceful existence had little control over their turbulent spirits. With American officers he met the warring chiefs in consultation, but with little result. Then the paramount chief from Mindanao, the Datu Mandi, was brought over, and the two of them could influence their subjects but little. The Moros feared to place themselves beneath the power of the white man by giving up their firearms. However, be-



HINDU TEMPLE CEREMONIES IN THE MALAY ARCHIPELAGO.

fore I left things looked promising for a peaceful development of the islands, only a small section was holding out in a crater top.

I may say here that the true Malay did adopt piracy as a profession, but it seems to have originated from coercion by the powerful Sultanate of Bruni, the rulers of which were related to and were co-partners with the Sultans of Sulu.

Now in all this turmoil amongst our northern neighbour, a feature that interests us is that Mohammedan raided Mohammedan, that leaders of Mohammedan thought like the Sultan of Jolo and the Datu Mandi, could not exact obedience from their subjects and co-religionists. In a word, there is not the cohesion amongst Mohammedans that many people think.

The first Rajah Brooke's (Sir James) relations with Bruni were one long

struggle to combat attempts to destroy his prestige with Sarawak Malays and others. The Sultans of Bruni strove to attain this end by inviting wild non-Mohammedans like Sea Dayaks, to raid and massacre their co-religionists, "to destroy their own country and people wantonly."

In the modern world every Mohammedan country has its own interests to protect. The idea of a solid cohesion amongst them at all costs to the individual country is, I believe, a bogey. No Sultan or leader in the Mohammedan world, I believe, has now the power to organise a universal jihad; I sometimes doubt if he ever had.

If Britain continues to treat her Mohammedan subjects with justice and tact, respecting their holy places, laws and susceptibilities, I believe she will find them as truly loyal and as fierce upholders of her power as she could possibly wish.

The War as Affected by New Inventions.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."*

It is fought as much with electricity and gasoline as with powder and shot, this war of the nations. Rifles and machine guns, field pieces and howitzers there are in plenty, every one of which is as complicated as an automatic piano player. It is not the instruments of destruction, however, that drive home the extent to which mechanism is employed in warfare, but the dynamos that feed current to searchlights whose long, rigid white pencils of light alternately sweep the sky for aircraft and the terrain opposite for advancing infantry; the telegraph and the telephone net that spreads out from the tent of a commanding general to the very firing line; the mixing machines that supply concrete for anchoring heavy mortars, which batter down fortresses; the gasworks that travel on rails and on highways and generate hydrogen for dirigible balloons; the traction engines that haul heavy cannon and caissons; the automobiles and the aeroplanes that whirr over roads and through the air; and the self-propelled machine shops in which broken-down engines can be repaired.

From the rifle placed in the hands of an infantryman to the dirigible silhouetted against the sky, there is not a single mechanism that has not been scientifically studied in physical and chemical laboratories and on proving grounds to note its merits and its limitations. Most of these destructive devices have been evolved as the result of invention systematically conducted for a longer period and at a greater cost than the investigations carried on by physicians to discover a cure for cancer. Ballistics is probably more advanced than bacteriology. Scientific thought has been more intensely applied to discover a way of reducing the erosion of guns by modern smokeless powders than to the mitigation of pellagra's destruc-

tive effects among the peasantry of Europe. In the decade that has elapsed since the Russian-Japanese war, field artillery has been more markedly improved than agricultural machinery.

And yet despite this immense amount of real scientific inquiry into the surest way of killing the greatest possible number of men in the shortest possible time, war remains in principle what it was when Xerxes invaded Greece, and when Hannibal crossed the Alps. Force your enemy into an untenable position—that always was and always will be the sum and substance of warcraft. Three hundred years ago a soldier was killed in a hand-to-hand encounter. At the present time he is more apt to be killed by a man he has never seen. The human arm has been artificially lengthened and strengthened.

LONGER BATTLE LINES IN THIS WAR.

Improvement in mechanism has been met by changes in tactics. The armies in Europe are fighting along fronts over one hundred miles long, not only because 250,000 men out of a total of two millions on one side are engaged at a time, but because the infantry rifle and the field piece are so accurate and so deadly that men cannot be as thickly massed as they were in Napoleon's day, or as late as the Franco-Prussian war. At Austerlitz 75,000 Frenchmen fought along an eight-mile front; at Wagram 170,000 Frenchmen along a ten-mile front. At Gravelotte 185,000 Germans formed a line five miles long. Then came the South African war, and with it the small-calibre magazine rifle that demonstrated the necessity of thinning out the fighting line until the final charge. But not until armies comparable in size with those now upon the battlefield had been led against an enemy, not, in a word, until the Russian-Japanese war had been fought, was it found necessary to make those radical changes in tactical regulations in ac-

*Specially written for the "American Review of Reviews."

cordance with which the present campaigns in France, Eastern Prussia, and Austria are conducted.

At Yalu, General Kuroki distributed 40,000 men in a line five miles long—exactly the same front occupied by the 185,000 Germans at Gravelotte. At Mukden, Russian and Japanese armies numbering each over 300,000 men, opposed each other along a front seventy-five miles long. Kuropatkin sometimes had only one man for every four paces in the trenches. Since every commanding officer in Europe has learned the lesson of the Manchurian campaign by heart, it is certain that there are not more than 4000 to 5000 men to a mile along the fighting fronts of Europe, instead of six times that many as in the Franco-Prussian war.

IMPROVED RIFLES AND BULLETS.

It must be a marvellously deadly infantry rifle which has so far reduced the masses engaged for a given mile. Its range is a mile and a quarter, on the average, and its bullet whistles through the air at the rate of about 2500 feet a second when it leaves the muzzle. The German rifle propels its projectile at the muzzle velocity of 2952 feet a second, and is in that respect superior to any military rifle in the world. On the other hand the French rifle has a longer range by about one-quarter of a mile.

By France the "D" bullet is used, by Germany the "S" bullet. The difference between the two is largely one of shape. Both are pointed at the forward end; but the "D" bullet is longer and tapers off slightly toward the rear, whereas the German "S" terminates abruptly. Of the two the French bullet is the better, because it churns up the air less. The German bullet's greater speed is obtained because it is lighter than the French, and because it is propelled from the rifle by a heavier charge of explosive.

The energy of each type of bullet at all ranges has been mathematically studied by French and German ballistic experts, so that its possibilities are known to a nicety. Any French officer

can tell you, for example, that the German "S" bullet, weighing ten grammes (154 grains) must have a speed of 300 to 400 feet per second to disable a man, and 625 to 650 feet per second in order to disable a horse at a range of about a mile and a quarter. Need it be said that the powder charges have been carefully calculated to give the bullet that energy?

RELATIVELY FEWER MEN KILLED.

When infantrymen are equipped with such weapons no unnecessary chances are taken. Heroic as it may be to die for one's country, a soldier no more relishes the idea of being shot than he does of being run over by a railway train. His commanding officer takes good care that he shall not be needlessly placed in danger. Every bush and tree, every mound and hillock is used as a shield. And when there is no natural protection, the infantryman digs one—digs an artificial cover of some kind. His trenches are of various degrees of perfection, depending on the time he has at his disposal. In some he can stand and fire over a parapet of earth or through loopholes, and in some he kneels. Some are hollowed out at the bottom, shored up like a mine gallery, and roofed so that he may huddle up and protect himself when shrapnel is bursting over him. There is more hiding than shooting on the firing line. The covers, some of them hastily improvised during a battle, perform their function so well that it is astonishing how comparatively small is the number of men who are killed where they stand, or who are even disabled.

During the Russian-Japanese war it took 1053 rifle cartridges to put one Japanese out of the fight. Contrast that with 1870, when one bullet out of 375 found its mark, and it becomes immediately apparent that for all the studied deadliness of modern infantry fire, the soldier's lot has improved vastly, and that fewer men are likely to be hit in the present conflict than the newspapers lead us to suppose. Millions of cartridges have already been fired in Europe, but the killed and wounded are numbered only by thousands.

THE NEW ARTILLERY AND HOW IT IS
USED.

Although the armies of Europe are equipped with artillery of a power and range surpassing anything that was used even in the comparatively recent Russian-Japanese war, the great battles that are now being waged will be won by infantry. Yet the steadiest infantry would be helpless without artillery. Not until the enemy's batteries have been silenced dare the infantry advance. Hence the old Napoleonic artillery duel is still a dramatic feature of modern warfare. But how changed! How puny and utterly insignificant are the cannon that roared at Austerlitz compared even with the smallest modern field gun!

How different, too, is the method of firing! Nowadays the gunners, crouching behind steel shields, never see the object at which they are firing. A battery commander, perched on a support ten or fifteen feet above ground, and screened by foliage, scientifically finds the range, and then corrects it by observing how the first shots fell. The accuracy of fire is amazing. If there is any pleasure in the game, the battery commander has it all; for he alone knows exactly what is happening when the shrapnel explodes. Also he is more likely to be killed than his men, because of his elevated station.

The guns now employed on the battleground vary from the three-inch field piece with a range of three and one-half miles, firing a fifteen-pound projectile, to the German 8.4-inch field howitzer, firing a projectile weighing 250 pounds. For siege work, for battering down fortifications, like those of Liège or Namur, even heavier pieces are required, such as mortars that have a bore over eleven inches in diameter, and fire shells weighing 500 pounds and more. Each cannon, whether it be used in the field or behind a fixed barrier, has its special use. Against men under cover, for example, the ordinary field gun is useless. A gun must be brought to bear which throws its projectile high into the air and drops it behind an embankment or on top of a bomb-proof. That gun is the howitzer.

MODERN AMMUNITION.

Guns are a general's tools, and, if the ammunition that accompanies them be similarly regarded, he has about as many varieties, each serving a special purpose, as a dentist has instruments. At least a dozen different sizes and kinds of ammunition must be kept on hand, and supplied when needed, and it is used so freely that a single gun may occasionally fire 400 rounds in a day, as in the Russian war. When it is considered that at Mukden 3000 guns were in position, and that in the present international conflict several armies are in action larger than the forces under the Russian and Japanese commands in Manchuria, the daily consumption of ammunition by artillery alone must amount to as much as 1,200,000 rounds.

To provide the immense amount of ammunition which will be used up in the present war will be no easy task. Still, there is no likelihood that the armies now in the field will run short of cartridges and shells. Both small and large arms ammunition is made in government factories, on a scale commensurate with all the demands that can be made upon them.

Gunpowder plays but a small part in the present war. The explosives used in guns, large and small, are smokeless powders of various kinds. They are picric acid compounds, nitro-cellulose preparations made from guncotton, and forms of nitro-glycerine in general. Every country has contributed something to the development of these smokeless powders, but Germany most of all. The nature of the raw materials is such that they are easily obtained in abundance and readily worked up by the government factories. It is safe to say that long before the present war started, each of the great European powers had on hand ample stores of explosives for a war that would last for a few months.

Modern smokeless powder differs from the gunpower of old chiefly in the manner in which it is consumed in the gun. Common gunpowder is a violent explosive which generates its gases with great suddenness. It exerts a very

great and disproportionate stress upon the breech of a gun, but at the muzzle the pressure drops suddenly.

The modern cellulose powders exert their pressure much more uniformly than is possible even with the best prismatic powder. They enable the ordnance engineer to exert a very nearly uniform pressure upon the projectile from the breech of the gun to the muzzle; indeed, the maximum pressure is exerted somewhat beyond the breech. These cellulose powders can be burned with safety in the open air; for in order to explode they must be confined. Hence, in loose form they are safer than the black gunpowder of old. Such a smokeless powder can be dampened, and, if it does not mildew, it is as good as ever if properly dried. It cannot be detonated by a blow. Indeed, the stick forms of smokeless powder can be burned in the hand like a match.

The discovery of smokeless powder rendered it necessary to modify ordnance. Nitro-cellulose would have been used sooner than it was had there been adequate guns. Even as it is the ordnance engineer has not quite succeeded in coping with the high erosive effect of modern explosives. Smokeless powder has an explosive temperature of about 4500 degrees Fahrenheit—nearly twice the melting point of the steel from which the guns are made. It seems impossible to prevent some of the hot gases from escaping past, and moving ahead of the shell. They act like the flames of a powerful blowpipe and sear away the rifling surfaces so rapidly that many guns cannot be fired more than one hundred times.

LIGHT-WEIGHT FIELD-PIECES.

An immense amount of ingenuity has been expended in reducing the weight of field pieces so that they may be easily brought into position. A three-inch field piece and its ammunition must be easily hauled by six horses, and its weight is therefore limited to about two tons, nearly equally divided between the piece itself and its ammunition. The French three-inch field piece is more powerful than the German, but the German is more easily

handled because it weighs about five hundred pounds less with its carriage. Indeed, the whole art of gun designing is the art of compromising between the demand for greater mobility and the demand for greater striking energy and range.

GUN TURRETS ON FORTIFICATIONS.

For fixed fortifications there are no such limitations in weight. Nor are any limitations imposed so far as the character of the protection afforded is concerned. In 1886 experiments were conducted at Malmaison, which proved that a thickness of at least forty feet of earth is required to protect the big guns of a fortress. While parapets of forty-five or fifty feet in thickness may be found, concrete is more freely used in order to obtain great strength with less thickness. Moreover, the guns themselves are placed in turrets very much like those of a battleship, but much heavier.

A gun turret consists essentially of a dome of armour covering a cylinder of steel, the whole revolving in a well lined with concrete, which contains the necessary machinery and magazines. The concrete walls which line the shaft vary in thickness from ten to sixteen feet, depending upon the type of turret. Heaped up against the external masses of concrete on the side from which the attack is expected to come is a mass of broken stone and an earthwork at least thirty feet thick.

The first turrets of this type carried two six-inch guns. Only the dome of cast iron (sixteen inches thick) appeared above the massive concrete wall of the well. The whole turret, therefore, offered a target only three and one-half feet high and about eighteen feet wide. Yet even this was too much, so accurate is modern gun-fire. A disappearing turret was evolved, constructed for one or two six-inch guns, two three-inch rapid-fire guns, or two machine guns. After the charge is fired the whole turret is lowered so that the guns may be reloaded. It is said that the time which elapses between the word of command and the complete disappearance of the turret is only five

seconds, and that two shots can be fired every ninety seconds. Turrets carrying a single three-inch gun are operated in a similar manner. Machine-gun turrets are the lightest of all, because they must be moved directly by the gunners themselves, and so easily that they can be made to sweep the whole crest of the glacis during the volley.

A revolving turret containing heavy guns must be cracked open like a nut. To perform that task both the Germans and the French have developed the 11-inch siege howitzer. When the Germans brought up their heavy siege guns before Liège and Namur the turrets were burst open with a very few shots. The reason is not far to seek. Most of the turrets to be found in European fortresses are rather old; but the siege guns are very new.

THROWING A TON OF METAL A MILE TO DISABLE ONE SOLDIER.

Powerful, as modern batteries are, whether they are composed of three-inch field pieces on the battleground or six-inch guns in turrets, the actual number of men killed is fewer than most of us suspect. At St. Privat in 1870 the French fired eighty shots, weighing in all 660 pounds, to kill or maim a single German. Since that was forty-four years ago, it might be supposed that by 1904 the slaughter would be terrific. Yet during the Manchurian campaign the Russian artillery in pitched battles fired about 150 shots in order to disable a single Japanese. The individual projectile fired by a field-piece had increased in weight since 1870, so that about a ton of metal was hurled a mile or two in order to disable a single Japanese.

Shrapnel, a shell which, when it explodes, shoots 200 or 300 balls in all directions, is the favourite ammunition of the field artillery. Of necessity it is more fatal than infantry fire; nevertheless, more men are killed by rifle fire than by shrapnel. In the Franco-Prussian War, out of one hundred casualties, ninety were due to infantry fire, eight to artillery fire, and two to other causes. In Manchuria over 85.5 per cent. of the killed and wounded Japanese were put

out of action by infantry fire. The ratio in the present war will approximate that of the Manchurian campaign. In other words, modern battles will be won by infantry.

COMMUNICATION.

So many batteries are in action, so many men are distributed along the fighting front that it is a physical impossibility for a general to watch with his own eyes the course of events in which more than 500,000 men are participating. He no longer gallops up and down a retreating line, brandishing a sword and encouraging disheartened and beaten troops to a new attack, as painters were once fond of picturing him. He is far removed from the battleground. Yet he knows from hour to hour, from minute to minute, what success this skirmishing line or that cavalry raid has had, and what guns are stationed on each distant hill, and how they are succeeding in battering down a fortification miles away. His army may cover northern France and part of Belgium, but he knows more about the movements of each regiment at any moment than Napoleon did of his whole army at the Battle of Leipsic.

As might be supposed, the telegraph and the telephone have magically extended the senses of a general to a hundred different points. This extension of himself is effected with wonderful rapidity by men who have nothing else to do but install means of communication. In the German army a mile and a quarter of telegraph line can be set up by one officer and thirty men in less than an hour. Since dozens of such telegraph companies are at work at once, the headquarters of several army corps are placed in telegraphic or telephonic communication with each other in a few hours. Telephone communication is established even faster than field telegraphs; for a good speaking connection is obtained at the rate of a mile in half an hour. In the Austrian army each advance company of infantry is in telephonic communication with headquarters. Wireless telegraphy also is used in European armies, but only for communication between high commanding

officers. The range of the instruments is about 200 miles.

But the most valuable aid of all is the aeroplane or the airship. Our newspapers have expressed disappointment in the actual performances of aircraft. Romantically inclined writers had drawn such vivid pictures of fierce battles in the air that the less picturesque but much more important work of reconnoitring, for which aircraft of all types are primarily intended, has received scant attention. Like the torpedo-boat, an aeroplane fights only when it must. To be sure, there has been some fighting in the air, but only when it became necessary for one aeroplane to prevent another from seeing too much. There has been bomb-dropping, too, most of it just as disappointing as the more conservative officers of Europe had prophesied it would be. Even the shrapnel bombs twice dropped from a Zeppelin on densely populated Antwerp failed to slaughter the sleeping populace in the large numbers that mean complete newspaper success. But though the number killed was mercifully small, the moral effect was overwhelming. Whenever a Zeppelin appeared on the horizon people took to their cellars.

Thanks to the aeroplane and the air-

ship, the commanding generals of Europe know exactly the strength and position of the enemy against whom they send their infantry or pit their artillery, which means that feeble forces will no longer be ignorantly ordered to attack points that they could never hope to take. In three and one half hours an airman can cover a circular area eighty miles in radius. He can note each opposing regiment of infantry, each squadron of cavalry, each battery of field artillery. How is it possible, then, to begin a flanking movement without detection? How is it possible to concentrate upon a centre and hope to break through? Marches screened by cavalry, feigned movements, all the precious secrecy of the old days is swept away, so long as there is daylight and no fog.

A battle has become more than ever a series of shrewd moves on a huge topographical chessboard extending over whole provinces, each move made only after the fullest information has been obtained. Physical exhaustion and inability to draw upon large masses of fresh troops seem to be the chief causes for the reverses sustained by generals in the present war. All this may be safely deduced because there are watchful eyes in the air.



Paris and London are depleted of their motor-buses, which have been commandeered by the authorities for transport duty at the war. The photo, shows a line of French motor-buses bringing up supplies for the troops, passing through the forest of Compiegne.

THE REVELATIONS OF A SPY.

There are certain men who know pretty nearly everything there is to know about the great German war machine. Such a man is Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, who was employed for many years in the secret service of Germany. He has contributed some most informing articles to *Collier's*, from which we take the following extracts:

THE GERMAN WAR MACHINE.

The most efficient and elaborate system ever devised by the ingenuity of man, used not only for war and destruction, but as an intelligence clearing house for the whole of the Empire, is the German War Machine. Conceived by General Stein in the days of the Napoleonic wars, added to and elaborated by successive administrations, solely under the control of the ruling house, its efficiency and perfect and smooth working are due to the total absence of political machinations or preferences. Brains, ability, and thorough scientific knowledge are the only passports for entrance in the Grosser General Stab, the General Staff of the German Empire. You will find blooded young officers and grey-haired generals past active efficiency, experts ranking from an ordinary mechanic to the highest engineering expert, all working harmoniously together with one end in view, the acme of efficiency. Controlled and directed by the War Lord in person through the Chef des Grossen General Stabs—at present General Field Marshal von Heeringen—this immense machine, the pulsing brain of a fighting force of 4,500,000 men, is composed of from 180 to 200 officials.

THE MAKER OF WAR.

There is a small, dingy, unpretentious room in the General Stabs Gebäude where, at moments of stress and tension or international complications, assemble five men: His Majesty, at the head of the table; to the right the Chef des Grossen General Stabs; to the left his Minister of War; then the Minister of Railways, and the Chief of the Naval Staff. You will notice the total absence

of the Ministers of Finance and Diplomacy. When these five men meet, the influence of diplomatic and financial affairs has ceased. They are there to *act*. The scratching of the Emperor's pen in that room means war, the setting in motion of a fighting force of 4,500,000 men.

THE NON-COM.

The real backbone and stiffening of the Germany army and navy are the non-commissioned officers recruited from the rank and file. In fact, this body of men is the mainstay of the thrones in the German Empire, especially of Prussia. These men, after about twelve years of service in an army where discipline, obedience, and efficiency are the first and last word, are then drafted into all the minor administrative offices of the state, such as minor railway, post, excise, municipal, and police. The reader will see the significance of this when it is pointed out that not only the Empire, but the War Machine has these well-trained men at its beck and call. The same thing applies to the drafting of officers to most of the higher and highest administrative positions in the state.

ABSOLUTE CONTROL.

The control of the army in peace or in war lies with the Emperor. He is the sole arbiter and head. No political or social body of men has any control in army matters. No political jealousies would be permitted. Obedience and efficiency are demanded. Mutual jealousies and political tricks such as we have seen in the Russian campaign in the East, and lately in France, are impossible in the German system, for the Emperor would break instantly—in fact, has done so—any general guilty of even the faintest indication of such an offence. And there is no appeal to a Congress, a Chamber of Deputies, or political organ against the Emperor's decision.

THE WAR CHEST.

Out of the five milliards of francs the war indemnity paid by France to

Germany in 1871, 200,000,000 marks in gold coins, mostly French, were put away as the nucleus of a ready war chest. In a little mediaeval looking watch tower, the Julius Thurm near Spandau, lies this ever-increasing driving force of the mightiest war engine the world has ever seen. It is ever increasing, for quietly and unobtrusively 6,000,000 marks in newly minted gold coins are taken year by year and added to the store. On the first of October each year since 1871 three ammunition wagons full of bright and glittering twenty-mark pieces clatter over the drawbridge, and these pieces are stored away in the steel-plate subterranean chambers of the Julius Thurm, ready at an instant's notice to furnish the sinews to the man wielding this force. This is a tremendous power in itself, for there are now close to 500,000,000 marks (£25,000,000) in minted gold coinage in storage there. This provides the necessary funds for the German army for ten calendar months. The authorities have no necessity to ask the country, warring politicians—in this instance the Reichstag—for money to start a campaign. They have got it ready to hand. Once war is declared and started they will get the rest if they need it.

The economic feeding of three-quarters of a million men in peace time is work enough. It becomes a serious problem in the event of war, especially to a country like Germany, which is somewhat dependent on outside sources for the feeding of her millions. The

authorities, quite aware of a possible blockading and consequent stoppage of imports, have made preparations with their usual thorough German completeness. At any given time there is sufficient foodstuff for men and beast stored in state storehouses and the large private concerns to feed the entire German army for twelve months. Once a year these storehouses are overhauled, and perishable and deteriorating provisions replaced. Tens of thousands of tons of foodstuffs, especially fodder, are sold far below their usual market prices to the poorer classes, notably farmers. Likewise, the material used by the army is as far as possible supplied by the farmer direct.

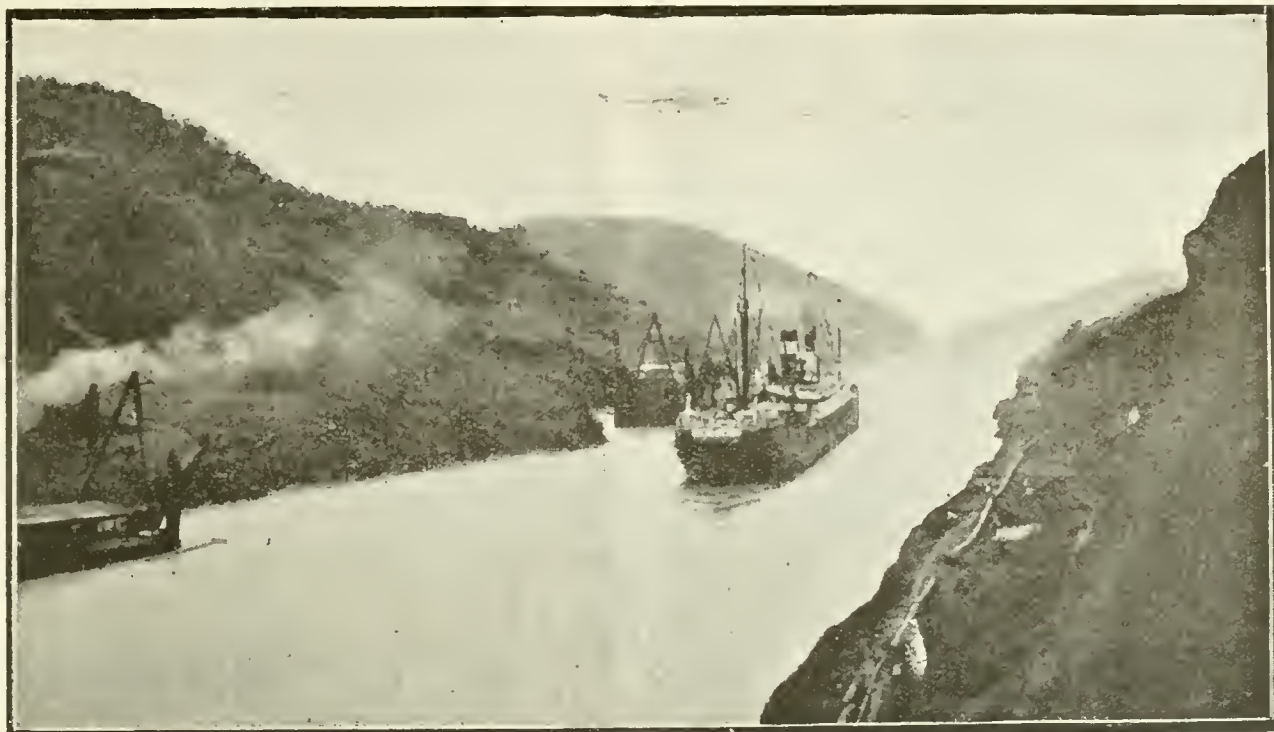
The total absence of bloated, pudgy-fingered army contractors in Germany is pleasant to the eyes of those who know the conditions in some other countries I could mention.

To give but another instance of the scientific thoroughness in detail, take a single food preparation—the Erbsenwurst (pea-meal sausage)—a preparation of peas, meal, bacon, salt, and seasoning, compressed in a dry state into air and water tight tubes in the form of a sausage, each weighing a quarter of a pound.

Highly nutritious, light in weight, practically indestructible, wholesome, this is easily prepared into a palatable meal with the simple addition of hot water. Of this preparation huge quantities are always kept in stock for the army.



CARS OF THE ULSTER VOLUNTEER RED CROSS BRIGADE NOW AT THE FRONT.



IN THE CULEBRA CUT.

The first ship to traverse the Canal from sea to sea.

THE OPENING OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

Thou marriest sea to sea and tide to tide,
Atlantic bridegroom to Pacific bride.

—Stephen Phillips.

Thus sang the poet. How regrettable that he was not present when the first steamer passed quietly from Atlantic to Pacific, lifted across the Great Divide, by the waters of the Canal, and thus consummating all the immense work and tireless ingenuity of great engineers, backed by the boundless resources of a great nation.

The Director-General of the Pan American Union, Mr. Barrett, has, however, given us a fine account of the first passing in the *Bulletin* issued by that Union. He says:—

August 15, 1914, will always remain one of the most notable dates of history. On that day the Panama Canal was opened to the commerce of the world. The steamship "Ancon," of the Panama Railroad Co., which is in reality the property of the United States, made the first complete voyage through the canal from ocean to ocean. So quietly did she pursue her way that, except for the plaudits of the multitude who thronged the locks and hills along the route, a strange observer coming suddenly upon the scene would have thought that the canal had always been in operation, and that the "Ancon" was only doing what thousands of other vessels must have done before her.

The invited guests aboard were so awed by the meaning and solemnity of the occasion that they almost forgot to shout deserving applause to Gov. Goethals when he showed himself, not upon the ship itself, but here and there at the various locks, modestly watching and directing the operation.

After some reference to the grandeur of the scenery, hills and valleys, densely covered with tropical vegetation, Mr. Barrett says:—

So well did every man perform his duty in the opening and shutting of the massive gates of the locks, and in the moving of the electric towing locomotives, commonly called "mules," that it seemed to expert and laymen alike as if they had been sending other "Ancons" day after day from Christobal to Balboa. So well done in fact was the whole working of the canal on this memorable opening day that too much credit cannot be given Gov. Goethals and his able and devoted assistants for the work which they have accomplished and are now finally completing with success beyond all expectations. Perhaps the most lasting impression, which everybody who had the honour of passage on the "Ancon" gained, was the smoothness, system and precision with which the canal was operated.

The towering gates of the locks swung shut or open with the trueness of the pendulum of the old clock on the stairs. Their ends met in silence and with the delicacy of a micrometer, and hardly a suggestion that they weighed hundreds of tons.

Without the slightest hitch the *Ancon* climbed the triple flight of locks from the ocean to Gatun Lake, 85 feet above, in seventy minutes.

As she steamed away from the Gatun Locks, out upon the broad expanse of Gatun Lake, and followed the channel for 24 miles to the mouth of the Chagres River, and the beginning of the Culebra Cut, I was reminded of the inland sea of Japan and of Puget Sound of the Pacific North west of the United States. I would have said that I was sailing over a lake that had always graced the interior of Panama.

Now the "*Ancon*" bore straight into the first reaches of the Culebra Cut, and, for the first time, this wonderful waterway seemed to be a real canal. The banks are cut almost perpendicularly, and the width averages 300 feet for nearly nine miles. Continuing her course with the banks gradually growing higher, she came nearer and nearer the man-made canyon at the summit of the Continental Divide, which is the real Culebra Cut. Big as the "*Ancon*" was, she seemed to grow small as she came nearer to towering Gold Hill and her sister peak on the opposite bank. As she steamed by the place of the deepest cut, and as we craned our necks to look up to the point where the excavations had been begun long years ago by the French, and noted the mark where the Americans had renewed the work ten years ago, we rubbed our eyes, almost with a sense of doubt, in our efforts to believe that once those two high peaks had been an unbroken mountain, and that man had actually cut his way down nearly 400 feet in order that the passage from ocean to ocean, which Columbus, Balboa, and other early navigators had sought in vain, could actually be achieved.

The destructive slides, the terror of the Canal, are now being mastered. Huge dredges are still at work taking

the last of these falls of earth from the channel. Leaving the cut behind, the *Ancon* steamed into Miraflores lake.

Glancing over the lake we were impressed with the smallness compared to its big sister, the Gatun Lake, but also with its remarkable scenic beauty, surrounded by rolling hills, leaving Culebra in the background and "*Ancon*" in the distant foreground.

When we entered the upper lock of Miraflores and grasped the fact that in the two flights of this lock, we would descend into the actual waters of the Pacific Ocean, we became more and more thrilled with the realisation of what the canal meant to the United States, to Panama, to South America and to all the world. Only eight miles away was the deep water of the Pacific Ocean, and the gateway to its mighty commerce of uncounted millions of dollars and population.

The vessel passed the locks quickly, and in less than one hour the *Ancon's* broad hull was being washed by the waters of the Pacific, and the barnacles on her bottom were being treated to the unique experience of being washed by the salt water of two oceans, and the fresh water of two inland lakes, all on the same day. Another great crowd of people on the walls of the lock shouted Godspeed as, under her own steam, the *Ancon* headed out into the Pacific Ocean! Many cargo boats used the Canal next day, and all arrangements worked perfectly. The first warship to use the Canal belonged to Peru. During the first three days £20,000 were taken in Canal dues.

THE NEW POPE.

In *The Contemporary Review* Giovanni Pioli presents us with a brief character sketch of the newly elected Pope:—

"The outward appearance of Benedict XV. is neither majestic nor attractive. He has an ascetic, pale face. He is of middle stature, slenderly built, has a slightly limping—though distinguished—gait. When asked: 'How do the affairs of the Holy See go on?' he used to reply: 'Well, more or less like myself.' But his firm mouth, square forehead, keen eyes, which miss nothing and read deep, his aristocratic, charm-

ing manners and melodious voice, make him still a striking figure, which commands notice and respect. He is not a scholar; but his high capacity and brilliant gifts for affairs, his clear and far sightedness and sagacity in judging men and things, helped by a marvellous memory, his diplomatic ability and aristocratic touch, make him the man who can understand the full meaning of a situation, and grapple with it in the best way. He is not a bit of a devotee or a fanatic orthodox; unlike Pius X. who could not utter speech without beginning with 'original sin' and con-

cluding with 'devotion to Madonna,' his speeches will rather sound like sober pronouncements of a religious statesman. Unlike Pius X., whose manners, in spite of the myth woven around his figure, entirely lacked *signorilità* and dignity, Benedict XV. will restore to the throne of Rome the regal manners of Leo XIII., without, it is strongly hoped, the worldly pomp and the parasitical adventures and scandals of his court. Mons. Della Chiesa's dislike of vulgar display or publicity, his genuine

simplicity of life, his natural modesty and reserve, without the slightest taint of vanity or arrogance, are the best credentials that his will be a model court. Open-minded to a large extent, clear-minded even more, he will, above all, be a self-minded Pope; he will not judge the affairs by proxy, nor govern through or be governed by cliques and coteries. If Leo XIII. was a genial opportunist, and Pius X. a godly, stubborn pietist, Benedict XV. will be an honest diplomatist, a compromise."

GERMANY'S WAR FACTORY.

Caryl Jordan contributes to *The World's Work* a comprehensive description of "Germany's War Factory." The Kaiser acts as sponsor for the success of the factory which has rendered such service to his armies in the field. The writer says:—

"The Krupp works dominate the whole of Essen, a town of about 300,000 inhabitants. Situated in the centre, close to the railway, they, together with their attendant institutions, cover an area of five hundred acres, or about three times the size of Hyde Park.

"The tentacle arms of the vast establishment stretch out octopus-like on all sides. Two thousand trucks and over fifty locomotives rush along these tracks daily conveying Germany's guns, armour-plates, ammunition, and shells to German garrisons, forts, ports, and harbours. Six thousand tons of coal, coke, and briquettes are poured daily into the huge creature's rapacious jaws. One and a quarter million tons of fuel are required annually to appease its insatiable appetite. Twenty million cubic metres of water, or more than the 450,000 inhabitants of Cologne consume yearly, are used in the works. . . . It is impossible for the uninitiated visitor to gather anything but a fleeting impression of the multifarious nature of the work carried on in the vast establishment, and it would take weeks to visit the eighty different departments that exist at Essen alone. In nine long extended cannon shops we see grim monsters of warfare, from the baby

mountain gun up to the naval and fortress gun of the largest calibre, lying peacefully side by side. Among them are guns over forty feet in length that weigh forty tons, and are capable of hurling a projectile weighing eight hundredweight a distance of about sixteen miles.

Place one of the deadly weapons on the top of Primrose Hill, and it can sweep and scour with its missiles the whole district lying between Richmond and Leytonstone, between the Crystal Palace and Wembley Park. There are others the nickel-headed projectiles of which can pierce the strongest armour of any Dreadnought afloat at a distance of three miles. Some of these shells are filled with over a thousand steel balls, or more than sufficient to annihilate half an infantry regiment.

The works at Essen are provided with splendid shooting ranges, one fifteen miles in length for heavy artillery, another five miles long, and a smaller one for the trial of small guns, armour-plate, explosives, etc. Large naval guns are mostly tried at the long range at Meppen. Over 35,000 experimental shots were fired during a recent year, the weight of the projectiles discharged amounting to over 1,200,000 lb.

"Foreign officers of all nationalities can be seen at these ranges daily testing the guns ordered. Thus, Argentine and Chilian, Chinese and Japanese military commission follow each other in rapid succession.

THE GREAT CHANCELLOR.

In the making of the German Empire the name of Bismarck stands out above all others. There is a metallic ring in the very name which seems to echo the character of his policy. "Blood and Iron," a policy which stands condemned in its present expressions of unbridled savagery. It is therefore pleasant to reflect that under this austerity the heart of a human being kept Bismarck from relapsing to the level of his admirers and imitators. "The Conversations with Prince Bismarck," contributed to *The North American Review* by Sir William Richmond, reveal the statesman as one possessing not only strong prejudices but excellent judgment and deep sympathies. Sir William was in Berlin in 1887 painting Sir Edward Malet's portrait, and it was arranged that Bismarck should give him sittings.

The "conversations" cover a good deal of ground, and enable the reader to form his own picture of the aged Chancellor, but perhaps the following extract will be best appreciated at the moment:—

During one of our short sittings, Bismarck turned suddenly to me and said "I wish to appear to the English myself. The English regard me too much as the man of iron. I think you see something else than that in me." As indeed I did.

"Speaking of our system of government officials, he asked: 'Why do you not have a permanent Minister of War who does not change with the incoming of each Ministry?' I replied that I thought it arose from the fact that our system was founded upon party government. 'That seems so strange to me,' he answered. 'Everything in England appears to be regulated by amateurs, not specialists, who with each change of government have to learn their business afresh. Parliamentary government is an excellent thing when all goes well; but war is a serious affair. All that appertains to the organisation for it can only be managed satisfactorily by a permanent expert always at the head, not by fluctuations of opinion, either Radical or Tory. The whole management of the army system should be

under one permanent and responsible head, who can put his finger upon a wire and at any moment set it vibrating.' Of our unpreparedness for war he spoke with emphasis; he was 'despondent' about England's neglect of that matter. 'War,' he said, 'would solve many of your internal difficulties. It would bring classes and parties together. You have too many coteries and factions; you are so split up as regards both politics and religion; you have grown to be so anarchical.' I said, 'Socialistic—do you mean?' 'No,' he said. 'Socialism is a power, and one that must be met somehow by wise legislation. I meant anarchical.' He proceeded:—

"War would teach England that she must be one of the strong military Powers, not perhaps so much as naval, and this for the sake of the peace of Europe. The natural alliance is," he said, "England, Germany and Italy; these three Powers, if placed upon a permanently strong war footing, would insure the peace of the world against France and Russia. In the event of war with France and Russia we could place three millions of men into the field, one million upon the Russian frontier, one million on the French, and still retain a million reserves. We can raise, clothe at a short notice, all told, four millions of reserves, inclusive; and," repeated the Chancellor, slowly, reverently, with emotion and force, "indeed, I believe that unless God Himself commands the French forces in the next war, Germany must be victorious."

This religious feeling in such a man was too deep to be condemned as cant, and we get an explicit confession of faith in this notable passage:—

Continuing to speak of his youth, and while we were talking of the value of prayer, he said: "When I was fourteen, I remember thinking that prayer was useless or irrelevant, for it struck me that God knew better than I; and I still think so, except that now I hold that the value of prayer is that it implies submission to a stronger power than our own; and I am convinced of the existence of that Power; which is neither arbitrary nor capricious."

We talked of the probability of a future life. "I do not doubt it," he said, earnestly, "even for a moment. This life is too sad, too incomplete, to satisfy our highest aspirations and desires. It is meant to be a struggle to ennoble us. Can that struggle be vain? I think not! Final perfection I believe in: a perfection which God has in the end in store for us."

ARE GERMANS C

NO; BUT THEY ARE INTELL

Austin Harrison has several really informing articles in the *English Review*. He has lived for many years in Germany, and his explanation of the methods of the German invaders is illuminating. He insists that the Germans are not cruel, but they are "intelligently brutal." So useful will his article be in helping to understand the attitude of Germany that we quote liberally from it. Mr. Harrison is a son of Frederic Harrison, and under his editorship the *English Review* has won a high place for itself amongst the serious magazines. Unfortunately not many copies find their way to Australia, but the journal ought to be far better known here than it is.

Having lived in Germany and in German countries for ten years (says Mr. Harrison), I should like to say a few words about the brutality of the "civilised Hun" at war, as I had occasion to notice it only too frequently in times of peace. Let me say at once that I have not the smallest wish to pander to incendiary feeling; on the contrary, war is war and not a game, nor am I in the least a sentimentalist as regards human life, which, I hold, we moderns value too highly. In every war accusations and counter-accusations of cruelty and malpractices arise, often baseless, but only too often justified, and as there are always alarmists, busy-bodies, and sentimentalists chronically anxious to write to the press, it is not unnatural that the usual crop of charges of dum-dum bullets, of women ravished, of old men shot, etc., should appear, with "authentic" proofs and photographs which leave no vestige of doubt. I have seen what soldiers calls a "niggers' scalp" myself, and I know that war is unrecordably brutal, bestial in its incidence upon all concerned, and I do not see how it can be helped. It is because I am so conscious of this that I would appeal for calm judgment. I

have seen open things the time in the Congress, and I saw the French Casablanca (no prisoners were there). Only the other day we heard of the Italian massacre of Arabs in Tripoli. I repeat, war is a disgusting business. It cannot be waged humanely. In modern conditions it is so awful that soldiers can never be induced to speak about it.

The shame, however, attaching to such acts of vandalism as the destruction of Louvain, Rheims, and other towns is another matter. They are facts. They constitute an unnecessary brutality, the psychology of which is worth inquiring into. And that is the aspect of the German method of warfare I would call attention to. In every army there are "brutes." In all wars there are individual acts of cruelty. These things are inevitable. They are incidental to mankind. But the German war system is different. The idea of "striking terror" into the non-combatants of an invaded country is an article of the military regulations. It is recognised as a weapon of the German military science, and, as such, was proclaimed to the world by the Kaiser when he exhorted his soldiers to "deport themselves like the Huns" in China, and to "gain the reputation of Attila." That is the point. It is the spirit of German militarism, an idea which, through the army, has permeated into all grades of German civil life.

BRUTAL BUT NOT CRUEL.

Now the individual German is not cruel in the sense that the Spaniards, for example, are cruel; for the German is fond of pet animals, and cruelty for the

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sake of cruelty is not a German characteristic. Brutality, on the other hand, is; and the distinction is marked, since cruelty may be defined as a passion, whereas brutality is rather a method. The Spaniard loves to see a bull's horns disembowel a horse because of the blood thrill the spectacle affords him. That kind of fiendish contemplation of suffering is condemned by Germans, who are not naturally cruel, any more than we are. Actively, however, the case is different, and here, at once, method intervenes. A German who would refuse to attend a bull fight, a cock-fight, or any *spectacle* of deliberate cruelty, would think nothing of cutting his horse's back into bleeding weals if the animal jibbed or shied or threw him, his answer being, if you questioned him, that here he was an active agent, justified in imposing his will in accordance with the German spirit of force dominion raised by the "religious right of war" into a national State philosophy.

RUTHLESS ATTAINMENT.

One may put it in this way. The Spaniard is cruel as a passive agent, the German is brutal as an active agent. I have heard Germans complain bitterly of pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo, which is a passive sport in the sense that there is no opposition, but the same Germans have emphatically justified to me the right of soldiers to shoot at sight all suspected of *Franctirage*, and to destroy any village or town where civilian acts of aggression had been established, on the ground that any such hostility on the part of non-combatants constituted action which, as such, should justifiably be met by action—or, in plain words, by retributive measures of the severest and most terrorising kind. It is an attitude which, at any rate, possesses logic which is clearly understood in Germany, which indeed has come to be an axiom of Germanic civilisation and is reflected in all classes of German life. The Kaiser has so frequently given rein to this idea in his numerous exhortations to his people that the Germans may be pardoned if, taking the cue from above, they have

only too successfully educated themselves up to the army standard of "ruthless attainment of the end in object"—a principle which finds expression throughout all Germany in the phrase "*sich imponieren*" (to assert oneself) regardless of means or cost.

THE SYSTEM OF THE BULLY.

This doctrine of force and terrorisation is held not only by the army, but by all classes in the German Empire. Setting up, as it does, implacable degrees and grades of authority, it naturally leads to its conditional antithesis—servile docility with all the evil tendencies and characteristics which inevitably flow from a state of slavery, not the least vile of which is the creation of a licensed brutality towards those whom in turn the bullied feel they may safely bully. The result of this military spirit is the glorification of the martinet. As in the army the idea of *camaraderie* between officers and men is quite foreign to the military idea, so in civil life the system of command and bullying, of authority and obedience, obtains to a degree unknown and unthinkable in any other country in Europe.

THE ARMY WATCHWORDS.

Now the drill watchwords in the army are three:—(1) Implicit obedience; (2) ruthless carrying out of orders; (3) terror. Right through Germany these principles are acted up to with a brutality only rivalled in the ferocious times of Peter the Great. Every year men kill themselves or die of the treatment received in the army; and though things got somewhat better recently owing to the powerful agitation of the Socialists, notably of Bebel, who never tired of showing up the scandals and denouncing militarism, the fact is admitted by Germans that the brutality of the army non-com. is excusable only by its results. I am not going into that question here; the facts are notorious. The noteworthy point about this brutality is that it is condoned and justified as a necessary evil of the system.

FEROCITY.

It has led not only to an extraordinary brutality of manner and attitude

among the people, but to positive ferocity. Anything more sickening than the brutality with which horses are treated in Germany it would be difficult to imagine. In the army horses are not "ridden in," they are flogged in. I have seen refractory horses flogged by German dragoons with heavy thongs till the beasts, who were tied up, shrieked. When I subsequently complained to an officer of the regiment to which the men belonged, whom I happened to know, he smiled at me condescendingly. "We Germans don't mince matters," he explained. "Horses have to be licked into shape. The sooner they learn what is wanted of them, the better for them."

If we stop to think of it, the German people are only logical in their cult of brutality, which for fifteen years past now has been preached as the German spirit not only in the army and on political platforms, but from the best University chairs. Nor can there be any question that the German brutality has become not only a pathological symptom, but demonstrably a disease. Scientists and writers in Germany have written about this aspect of German life in tones of earnest warning. In fifteen years all the German virtues of centuries disappeared from the land at the will of the military tyrant at Potsdam masquerading in the boots of Bismarck, misusing and demoralising his people. Many Germans have felt and noted the plague-spot in their centre; it has been the theme of many books. I am not uttering my own opinions, but voicing merely what scores of thoughtful Germans have denounced, when I say that since the days of degenerate Rome no nation has presented so cankerous a social sore as that exhibited by modern Germany spoon-fed on exultant Kaiserdom. When the time of reckoning comes we shall have to remember this fact, and give the Germans their rightful chance. What we are fighting to-day is this disease of materialism. What we have to put down is the black-guardism of the Kaiser's "Mailed Fist."

Of course, this Mailed Fist doctrine is not Bismarckianism, if in conception it originated from Bismarck's spirit.

Bismarck ended where the Kaiser began. It is due to the vanity of the Emperor, with his silly prattle of "Full Steam ahead"; nor can anything be imagined more alien to the austere spirit of Moltke than the pageant of the Kaiser's vainglorious, braggart, and brutalised Germany which is now approaching its Nemesis. Both Bismarck and Moltke were great men. But when the Kaiser dismissed the creator of the German Empire, he took all the springs of national life into his care, and he has deliberately poisoned them ever since. The Emperor's Germany will stand as an example for all time, for rulers and men, as an example of a magnificent national heritage degraded and dissipated in the pursuits of vanity and materialistic ends, fly-blown in the trail of a religious madman. In the process, every well of German national decency has been polluted. The sturdy military qualities which Moltke gave them have degenerated into arrogance and brutality. The race which Bismarck welded together has lost its conscience and dignity. Such has been the only too easy work of the Kaiser under the convenient falsehood of kingly infallibility.

That is why an army exhorted by their Emperor to behave like Huns in China may logically be expected to behave like Huns in Belgium. There are splendid soldiers in the German armies, I know, men of immaculate honour, noblemen in every sense of the term. That the Germans are brave, we see, but bravery is the commonest of all the virtues. It is not sufficient. In the German armies we are fighting a doctrine of brutality, a national attitude. Though I find it hard to credit the reports of German soldiers firing under cover of flags of truce and the Red Cross, I know that the Germans will not only wage war brutally but pitilessly, as their Emperor has frequently behoved them to. We, at any rate, will keep the flag clean. Let us try and remember that the Germans are a misguided nation, suffering pathologically from disease—the disease caught from their Kaiser, which may be described as "intelligent brutality."



ALGERIAN TROOPS AT FRANC-LE-PORT, GETTING READY THE CONVOY.

WHY WE MUST WIN.

This cheery title distinguishes Archibald Hurd's contribution to *The Fortnightly Review*, and the facts and figures give every assurance that the claim is no empty boast.

The outstanding feature of the article is the recognition that, even as Britain's voluntary system has carried her through in the past, so it suffices for the present emergency. As Mr. Hurd says:—

In times of peace we resisted the temptation to take upon ourselves the burden of conscription. We are now reaping from the land the harvest of the seed we sowed in the sea. Owing to our geographical situation we have been able to employ our manhood in past years in creating those economic factors in the State which are its most deadly weapons; our gold and silver bullets are more deadly than dum-dum bullets. It is on these economic foundations, screened from serious injury by the fleets at sea while continental countries are suffering all the exhaustion which necessarily accompanies war on land, that we are now able to build up the military machine which must inevitably, in association with the armies of France and Russia, humble to the dust the sixth military tyrant who has arisen in the world since the British people became the

guardians of liberty, Charlemagne, Charles V., Philip II. of Spain, Louis XIV. of France, and Napoleon in turn struggled to become the master of Europe. In each case the aspirant to dominion was brought to defeat by a country which has never possessed a great standing army—has never been a nation in arms—but has believed that its power rests on the sea and from the sea will arise in time of crisis to repel the deadliest blows.

The writer submits the evidence showing clearly that British policy was not shaped to supply an army for use on the Continent, and the present condition is due to the appeal of King Albert for protection from the unwarrantable attack on Belgian neutrality. That flagrant breach meant an instant reversal of British policy; then:—

A nation which since the days of Cromwell has never brought itself to recognise the existence of a standing army was suddenly forced by the irresistible pressure of events to adapt itself to military conditions of the most exacting character.

The most remarkable circumstance is that the nation as a whole regarded the outlook in no spirit of despondency even when it realised that it had to play a military part on the Continent, where about 15,000,000

conscript soldiers were engaged in war. It had confidence in itself, confidence in the Navy, and confidence also in the voluntary spirit on which the Empire was founded, and has since been maintained. Suddenly, as by a flash from the searchlight of history, it was recognised that commanding sea-power in association with the voluntary spirit makes the peoples of the British Empire the most formidable combination against which any Power can engage.

The strength of the British army, increased by the loyal co-operation of India and the Colonies, will be at least 2,500,000, every soldier and fighting unit representing the triumph of the voluntary system. We quote Mr. Hurd's conclusions, which are based on the well considered judgments of military experts:—

The British military forces consist not of conscripts, but of voluntary patriots. The distinction is vital, since morale governs war. In times of peace we have heard not a little of the advantages of conscription.

What was the result when the British army of volunteers met the German conscripts? We have Lord Kitchener's declaration:—

There is no doubt whatever that our men have established a personal ascendancy over the Germans, and that they are conscious of the fact that with anything like even numbers the result would not be doubtful. The shooting of the German infantry is poor, while the British rifle fire has devastated every column of attack that has presented itself.

Their superior training and intelligence has enabled the British to use open formations with effect, and thus to cope with the vast numbers employed by the enemy.

The cavalry, who have had even more opportunities for displaying personal prowess and address, have definitely established their superiority.

Sir John French's reports dwell on this marked superiority of the British troops of every arm of the service over the Germans. "The cavalry," he says, "do as they like with the enemy until they are confronted by thrice their numbers. The German patrols simply fly before our horsemen. The German troops will not face infantry fire, and as regards our artillery they have never been opposed by less than three or four times their numbers."

In the light of these figures as to Britain's growing military strength and these remarkable facts as to the fighting edge of British troops when opposed to harried conscripts, the conclusion becomes inevitable that, supported by the great armies of Russia and France, and wielding great naval power against two nations whose fleets are almost powerless, Britain, the greatest sea Power, secured by her navy from interruption in her military preparations, must win, and win by her military strength.

The article includes special reference to the navies of Britain, Germany, and Russia, and alludes in particular to the unreadiness of the German fleet at the declaration of hostilities.

THE KAISER'S FAILURES.

Mr. Austin Harrison writes on the Kaiser in *The English Review*. He traces the consistent failures of the man, and deplores the fact that instead of building up his Empire, he has always spent his time making mischief amongst his neighbours:—

BIG WORDS AND COLOSSAL BLUNDERS.

"In every direction, from the date of the Emperor's appearance in World Politics with his congratulatory telegram to President Kruger, German policy has failed, as in every instance her rôle has been that of the mischief-maker. Her last failure—the underrating of the Russian armies, as the result of the Manchurian war—is the central fact of the present military situation.

Yet in no instance can any positive achievement on the part of the Kaiser be established. From 1897 to 1914 the only live things that remain are the trappings and blasts of German *Gross-thun* politics, big words followed by colossal blunders. We may cite, amongst others, "The Admiral of the West," the "Mailed Fist," the Kaiser's admonition to his troops to "deport themselves like the Huns," "Civis Germanus sum," Prince Bülow's "granite" speech in answer to Mr. Chamberlain, the Waldersee farce in China, the Emperor's entry into Palestine, his speech at Tangier, the German war panic in 1907, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman suggested general disarmament, the war crisis over Morocco, the talk

about the colonisation of Brazil, of the Euphrates, of Asia Minor—a record of perpetual interference, aggression, and diplomatic subterfuge which all ended in German humiliation. With the exception of Togo Land, not a German colony ever paid a penny. For fifteen years the Kaiser has sat in Potsdam, like a black panther gnawing at his tail, trying to set Europe by the ears, bullying France, mocking England, goading on the Austrians to push down southwards, now fawning upon Russia, now insolently repelling her, boasting, talking, and disturbing—and one by one the peoples have turned from him."

"A COCKATOO WAR LORD."

"Yet more twaddle has been written about the Kaiser than of any Sovereign since Napoleon. No man living ever had greater opportunities, finer material to etch upon, greater freedom and greater responsibilities. With the smallest amount of political and worldly astuteness he could have placated France, made friends with England, until his navy was really able to sail out into the open and meet us, and very likely have created the larger Germany. That he failed is due simply to his inherent littleness and to his overpowering vanity. In reality, he is the creature of his age—the age of advertisement, false values, press sensation, talk and shal-

lowness. Everything he touched he vulgarised, like the *nouveau riche* of the time. He has turned Berlin into a sink of debauchery and plastered the city over with crude and vulgar statuary. The only thing he gave to German manhood is the Imperial moustache and "Kaiser champagne." He has prostituted the seats of German learning into school-rooms of Imperial blather, unfocused the whole lens of public sanity and usefulness, stifled and held down all that was great and good in the German conscience. Under his shadow not a noble German thought has been born, not a great man has appeared. Like the mastodonic Actor-Manager, he has poured out his banal messages upon the stage of an astonished Europe, and got a newspaper "par" wherever he looked. That the Germans took him seriously will assuredly be one of the mysteries of civilisation; that he took himself seriously is Germany's undoing. As he swept away in his vainglorious reign all the old German virtues, so he has gone on stumbling from one blunder to another, the Cockatoo War Lord of Europe. And now the Nemesis that overtakes finally all evil-doers awaits him. Not till he is struck down will the error and falsity that he has set up be removed, and the great German people return to their senses.

NAPOLEONIC STRATEGY.

Writing in *The United Service Magazine*, Colonel F. N. Maude recalls his impressions of 1872, when he was a cadet at Woolwich, and made a trip to France. He writes:—

I saw the pitiful state to which the war had reduced both the country and the Army—French soldiers were doing sentry work armed only with bayonets mounted on broomsticks (the French rifles had all been captured and given up, hundreds of thousands of them), and this is only one example, but surely a sufficiently striking one. The land was war-wasted. Thence I passed over into Germany to find the victors drilling and training with greater assiduity than ever before.

Presumably they have been drilling ever since, and waiting for another favourable opening.

In recent years France has been fully alive to her danger, and the army has specialised in strategy, and the improvement of the artillery leads Colonel Maude to write: That to his mind these conditions

removed the last shadow of doubt as to the capacity of the French Army to deal single-handed with the whole might of its hereditary enemy.

Stated in the briefest manner, this new strategy—which is only the rediscovered Napoleonic secret—consists in the following aphorism, "*on ne manœuvre pas qu'autour d'une pointe fixe*," in other words, no manœuvre for the purpose of massing superior force against a selected portion of an enemy's front can have any hope of success unless the enemy is held in position by a resolute attack of forces sufficient to compel him to stand a fight. To this end the masses of an army corps—or groups of

corps—are formed in lozenge formation, the point towards the enemy and about a day's march, in time, not necessarily in distance, between the groups. Whether the enemy moves to meet this lozenge or the lozenge attacks the enemy, the leading group, called the "avant-garde generale," attacks with all vigour to conceal its weakness and induces the enemy to use up his reserves.

The essence lies in the vigour of the attack, which entirely precludes any tactics of the "live to fight another day" order, and hastens a local defeat of the nearest columns of the enemy, and this is where the artillery tactics of the French come in.

Colonel Maude develops his comparison of the strategy of Napoleon and Moltke in *The Contemporary Review*, and we extract the following description of "the swing of the square," Napoleon's favourite manoeuvre, and one adopted by General Joffre in the present campaign:—

That the conclusions drawn by the French Staff are sound can be shown by a simple diagram, within the reach of everyone's capacity. Draw on a sheet of paper some half-dozen parallel lines representing columns of troops twenty or thirty miles long, and then anywhere near the centre line

pin down one corner of a square of paper which will serve for the Napoleonic lozenge or "square"; then pivot it about to either hand. It will be immediately apparent that whichever way the "square" rotates it must bring superior numbers against the columns it confronts, because the centre of gravity of the 'square' has a shorter distance to travel, and the greater number of the enemy's columns the greater the advantage to the "square." Thus if Germany invaded France on a front of 180 miles, say in ten columns of 60,000 men each, a French army of only 400,000, in four equal groups at the angles of the square, could always bring its whole 400,000 into action against 200,000 or 300,000 of the enemy, before the latter could bring reinforcements from the distant flank to the assistance of the columns assaulted.

Further, whereas the German columns, once launched on their respective roads, were compelled to adhere to them, and hence their progress could be predicted day by day, no one, not even an aviator, could tell which way the French "square" proposed to swing until it was actually moving, when the news would arrive too late to stave off the coming disaster.

THE TASK OF RUSSIA.

In *The Fortnightly Review* the reader will find a very timely paper on "Russia and the War" from the powerful pen of "Politicus." The writer suggests the formidable nature of Russia's task:—

Even if the Russians should defeat the German armies sent against them, their advance towards Berlin may not be very fast. The Germans will no doubt endeavour to check their progress at every step. Besides, the difficulties of the country east of Berlin facilitate its defence. It is chiefly flat, but extensive lakes, morasses and forests impede the progress of a large army. Besides, vast inundations can be produced by cutting the dykes which regulate the rivers. With the approach of winter, however, the difficulties offered by the lakes, swamps, and inundations will be overcome, and the Russians, who are accustomed to the severest winters, may be able to bear the hardships of a winter campaign more easily than the German troops, who are mostly town-bred. . . . By the irony of fate the Eastern Provinces of Germany, which may shortly be overrun by the Russians, are inhabited by the landed nobility, by the very people who have been responsible for this iniquitous war, and their homes

may be treated in the same way in which the German troops have treated the homes of the unfortunate Belgians. Russia mobilises very slowly, owing to the vast distances of the country and the paucity of roads and railways. In order not to be surprised in the initial stages of the war, she began her concentration at a safe distance from the Austro-German frontier, and the Austrian and German troops used the respite for invading Russia. As the invaders have acted as brutally and inhumanly in Russian Poland as they have in Belgium, the incensed Russian soldiers will possibly retaliate on their enemies for all the suffering they have caused. Before long we may hear loud complaints from Germany about the Russian invaders. These complaints, by the way, were made, and loudly, when Rennenkampf raided to the gates of Koenigsberg.

"Politicus" prophesies that the future policy of Russia must be more liberal than in the past, and that the grant of nationalism to the Poles must be followed by self-government to Finland, by which policy of toleration assuring to herself the leadership of the Slav nations.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT WAR PERSONALITIES.

SIR JOHN FRENCH

General French is 62, two years younger than Kitchener. Unlike his great chief, he is a little man. The son of a naval officer, he served as a midshipman for four years, but, like Lord Roberts, he forsook the senior for the junior service. *The Royal Magazine* gives the following anecdote, which shows that, despite the fact that his photograph has been published broadcast, he is even yet not always recognised:

A little company of Boy Scouts were marching along the Embankment, led by a very young gentleman whose air of importance brought a smile to the face of a well-set-up grey-haired man who was passing by.

"'Alt!'" said the leader of the Scouts, who had orders to halt there, anyway. "Who're you laughin' at?" he demanded of the grey-haired man, who apologised forthwith.

But the boy was not appeased. "We're doin' our little bit for the country," he said. "'Taint a great deal, but when did you do your last, may I arst?"

The grey-haired gentleman gasped. A bystander whispered a few words in the ear of the youthful leader, who flushed scarlet and looked thoroughly shamefaced. Then he set his teeth, called his little company to attention, saluted in their presence, and begged the grey-haired gentleman's pardon. "There were no Scouts when I was a boy," said the great cavalry leader regretfully, as he shook hands with the lad.

ADMIRAL JELlicoe.

Sir John Jellicoe is one of Winston Churchill's "young men." He is only 55, but has already been a Lord of the Admiralty, and has seen service all over the world. He was on the H.M.S. "Victoria" when that ill-fated vessel was rammed and sunk by the H.M.S. "Camperdown" in the Mediterranean years ago. *The Royal* says of him:

He was a keen cricketer and football player, and though he no longer plays either, he is still very keen on games. On the tennis court Sir John makes an excellent partner and a formidable opponent, and is not an enemy to be despised at bridge. In his private life he is a devoted husband and a most affectionate father. He will give undivided attention and painstaking answers to the longest string of questions that even a small daughter with an inquiring mind could put to him.

THE RUSSIAN KITCHENER.

Collier's gives some interesting particulars of the men who are leading Russia to victory. It is to the Minister of War above all men that the Russian army owes its efficiency.

General Vladimir Sukhomlinoff, whom the Czar chose in 1909 to supersede the stately incompetents at the St. Petersburg War Office, has done marvels because he possesses three splendid qualities. First, because he is a thoroughly practical soldier—a cavalry commander, straight as a lance, who, in the stations all along the border of Germany has seen with his own eyes the problems to be solved; second, because he has had the courage to look the facts in the face and the energy to burn up the lumber in the Russian army system; and third, because he has a genius for organisation that makes them call him "the Kitchener of Russia."

He began his house cleaning at the top with a thorough shake-up of the Russian generals.

The fat old apples tumbled from the branches, and gave the promising young fruit a chance. First, by increasing the pensions for the old men, and so inducing them to retire quietly, and second, through a competent committee on promotions, who follow up the doings of the younger men, watching especially how they handle their troops at manoeuvres, he has set the blood circulating through the whole body of Russian Officers. He has put a premium on vigour, energy, and genius. Having got his officers going, he has next insured that they shall have a high technical knowledge of their profession.

He threw open the doors of the select Staff Academy to all officers, and made it a thoroughly efficient military school. He reorganised the arms factory, standardised rifles and carbines, so that both now use the same cartridge. Overhauled the mobilisation methods, with the result that the Russians were across the German border three weeks before the Germans were ready for them. But he has devoted special care to the training of the privates, and has as his reward a splendid animated machine, composed of fine, stalwart young fellows from 20 to 23. No other army in the world has so many soldiers of that age.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

In the field the armies of Russia are commanded by his Imperial Highness

the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch, who, born in 1856, is now a man of fifty-eight, but straight as a spear, and with the extraordinary height and personal strength of so many of the Romanoffs. In the Russo-Turkish War he served with high distinction—in the campaign of Plevna, Lovcha, and the Shipka Pass, where Skobelev stood forth as a magnificent god of war—receiving the Cross of St. George for valour in the field. Grand Duke Nicholas has served in the army ever since, and at the outbreak of the war with Germany was in command of the military district of St. Petersburg, having three corps under him—the Guards and the First and Eighteenth Army corps, about 120,000 men. The Grand Duke has a reputation as an able strategist, and it is certain that he will, at every point, have the advice of the tried and tested generals who are with the army of invasion.

THE TIGER OF CAVALRY.

One of the best of these is General Paul Rennenkampf, like the War Minister, a general of cavalry, and who, it may be remembered, put such terror into the hearts of the Boxers in 1900 that they called him the "Russian Tiger." In the war with Japan, five years later, one may say that many Russian generals went out to Manchuria for wool and came back shorn. General Kuropatkin, War Minister when the contest began, was one of them. "Grandpa" Linevitch was another. To General Rennenkampf belongs the honour—not shared by many high officers in the Russian army—of carrying a great reputation out to Manchuria—and bringing a greater reputation back.

GENERAL BRUSSILOFF.

The Russian generals in command of the Galician army of invasion are General Ruzsky, the captor of Lemberg, and the brilliant cavalry leader, General Alexei Brussiloff, who was stationed at Vinnitza at the outbreak of the war. Like the present War Minister Sukhomlinoff, General Brussiloff was one of a small group of supremely competent men who were not sent to Manchuria

because they were even more needed at home—to guard the western frontier of Russia from an attack by the German Emperor. General Brussiloff is in warm sympathy with Minister Sukhomlinoff's reorganisation of the army, and he has himself almost extreme ideals of soldierly effectiveness. For example, he has the reputation of dragging his command out for exercise at manoeuvres in the worst imaginable weather—storm or snow, or both, preferably at night or in the small hours before the dawn.

When some of the officers who were thus dragged from their pillows made a remonstrance, General Brussiloff declared he would call off the disagreeable practice—if they would guarantee that the enemy would only fight in fine weather and by daylight.

General Brussiloff has under his command at Vinnitza a finely equipped school of aeronautics, whose members have already distinguished themselves at Lemberg.

A RIDICULOUS FIGURE.

Writing in *United Empire*, Mr. Ireland gives a really good summary of the American attitude towards the war. He reports that with very few exceptions, once the British White Paper had been received, the American press had no hesitation in putting the blame on Germany, where it belonged. Several papers printed the documents *in extenso*. Mr. Ireland says:

Since the outbreak of the war in Europe two elements of the conflict, as it is reflected in the United States, have risen into clear prominence—the almost universal sympathy of the American people with the cause of the Allies, and the frantic efforts of an influential section of the German and German-American population to swing public sentiment over to the view that Germany is the innocent victim of a desperate attempt against her national existence, of an act of treachery sprung upon her at a time when all her thoughts were centred upon the peaceful triumphs of culture and commerce.

Most prominently concerned in the effort to enlist American sympathy on the side of the Germans have been Count Johann von Bernstorff, German Ambassador to the United States; Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard; and Mr. Hermann Ridder, editor of the *Staats-Zeitung*, the most influen-

tial paper printed in German in the United States. To the activities of these gentlemen may be added those of the German-American Chamber of Commerce and of the United German-American Alliance.

Everybody who knows Count Bernstorff likes him. He has the reputation of being an agreeable and accomplished gentleman. To-day everybody over here, except the Germans, is watching with amusement his failure to understand the American people, and, with regret, his failure to live up to that standard of discretion and dignity which Americans have learned to expect from the diplomatic representatives accredited to the United States.

The count evidently utterly misunderstands the power of public sentiment in countries whose policies derive their sanction directly from the people, and his mistakes have been due to his inability to realise that American opinion is not to be driven this way or that by an ambassadorial pronouncement.

Count Bernstorff has been interviewed right and left: there is no aspect of the war upon which he has not issued a statement, launched a prophecy, or uttered a protest. It would be useless to go over the ground which he has covered. The fact that the German Ambassador should have been the central figure in an orgy of second-rate publicity shows to what lengths patriotism unrestrained by understanding can carry a gentleman of amiable character and respectable attainments. It is pathetic that so great a sacrifice of dignity should have been made for so small a profit. So far as the conduct or opinion of ambassadors can affect public opinion in this country, the admirable self-restraint of Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, of M. Jusserand, and of M. Bakhmetieff has commanded universal respect, whereas the action of Count Bernstorff, to whatever extent it has engaged public attention, has been resented as an offensive and deliberate violation of that spirit of neutrality which President Wilson so earnestly hoped might characterise all public discussion of the war.

"EIN MUNSTERBERG IST UNSER GOTT."

Professor Hugo Münsterberg is probably the best known as he is certainly one of the most distinguished Germans living in America. For more than twenty years he has been professor of psychology of Harvard. "Ein Münsterberg ist unser Gott," sing the students in profane parody of one of the noblest of hymns. In taking up the cudgels in behalf of his native land, Professor Münsterberg transgresses no

convention; he is not the official representative of a friendly nation, tacitly pledged to a discreet course of action; he speaks simply as the mouthpiece of Professor Münsterberg. Several articles from Professor Münsterberg's pen have appeared in the American press, and the deftness with which he has moulded his style to suit the American taste does great credit to his prowess as a psychologist.

THE EDITOR OF THE "STAATS-ZEITUNG."

Mr. Herman Ridder, editor of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, is a highly respected American citizen of German parentage. He has been prominent for many years in the civic life of New York, and has devoted much time to a generous support of charitable philanthropic, and educational institutions in the city.

In his advocacy of the German cause he declares frankly that his view-point is not entirely unprejudiced, and that he is swayed by an inherited love of the Fatherland.

It is no small testimony to the esteem in which Mr. Ridder is held that a number of New York papers, holding views entirely opposed to his, have been publishing in their columns articles written by Mr. Ridder, in English, and which he has been printing in the "Staats-Zeitung" for the benefit of persons who do not read German.

Having taken his stand, Mr. Ridder has defended the German cause with a whole-hearted completeness. He has justified the Austrian demands on Servia, the attack on Belgium, the sack of Louvain. He has expressed his fears that the entrance of Japan into the war is but the first step in a British-Japanese plot to obtain control of the Far East. As early as August 26 he declared: "The French offensive is a thing of the past. Germany will win the war. Determined men ready to make the extreme sacrifice, directed by the master intelligence of highly specialised commanders, make a combination that is well-nigh invincible. The morale of the French army has suffered. The advance of the Germans will continue on the schedule mapped out by the general Staff."

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

It seems certain that von Moltke is no longer Chief of the German General Staff. Whether ill-health or failure is the cause will not be known for many a day. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this silent brooding nephew of the Great Field Marshal is that he reconciles his peculiar office with an adherence to Christian Science!

ARE THE ZEPPELINS EFFICIENT ?

Dr. Arngaard Karl Graves, who certainly ought to know what he is talking about, gives the following account in *Collier's*, of the preparations Germany has made for aerial warfare. He says:—

Germany without doubt has the most up-to-date aerial fleet in the world. The budget of the Reichstag of 1908-1909 allowed and provided for the building and maintenance of twelve dirigibles of the Zeppelin type. So far as the knowledge of the rest of the world is concerned, this is all the sky navy that Germany possesses. It is a fact, though, that she has three times the number that she officially acknowledges.

A SECRET SYSTEM.

It may be a puzzle to many why, in the face of disasters and accidents to these Zeppelins, Germany has recently spent about £1,000,000 on her aerial fleet. Now we come to a very significant point. I know, and certain members of the German General Staff know, as well as trusted men in the aerial corps, that there are two conditions under which airships are operated in Germany. One is the ordinary more or less well-known system which characterises the operation of all the passenger lines now in service in the Empire. It is the system under which all the disasters that appear in the newspapers occur. Airships that are used in the general army flights and manoeuvres are also run under the same system as the passenger dirigibles—for a reason. The other system is an absolute secret of the German General Staff. It is not used in the general manoeuvres, only in specific cases, and these always secretly. It has been proved to be effective in eliminating 75 per cent. of the accidents which have characterised all of Germany's adventures in dirigibles and heavier-than-air machines. These statistics are known only among the General German Staff officers.

LIGHTER THAN ALUMINIUM!!

Let us go into this further. Critics of the German dirigible who foolishly

rate the French aeroplane superior point out that the Zeppelins have three serious defects—bulk and heaviness of structure, inflammability of the lifting power—the gas that floats them—and insufficiency of fuel carriage. In other words, they cannot ship enough gas to stay in the air a desirable length of time without coming down. The secret devices of the German war office have eliminated all these objectionable features. They have overcome the condition of bulk and heaviness of structure by their Government chemists devising the formula of a material that is lighter than aluminium, yet which possesses all of that metal's density, and which has also the flexibility of steel. Airships not among the twelve that Germany officially admits are made of this material. Its formula is a Government secret, and England or France would give thousands to possess it.

A NON-INFLAMMABLE GAS!

The objection of inflammability of the lifting power has also been overcome. The power of the ordinary hydrogen gas in all its various forms has been multiplied threefold by a new gas discovered at the Spandau Government chemical laboratory. This gas has also the enormous advantage of being absolutely unflammable. I have seen experiments made with it. It cannot be used for illuminating purposes. Dirigibles that are equipped with it are not liable to the awful explosions that have characterised flights under the ordinary system. The new gas has also the enormous advantage of having a liquid form. To produce the gas it is only necessary to let the ordinary atmosphere come in contact with the liquid. Carried in cylinders two feet long, and with a diameter of six inches, it is obvious that enough of this liquid can be carried aboard the big war dirigibles to permit their refilling in mid-air. So, you see, all the objections to the commonly known system of operation have been overcome by the War Office.

MORE SECRETS.

Let us consider one of these new war monsters, the latest and most powerful, the X15. The latest Zeppelins, charged with the newly discovered dioxygenous gas, giving these sky battleships triple lifting capacity; the perfecting of the Diesel motor, giving enormous horsepower percentage with light fuel consumption (fifty of these Diesel engines, their workings secret to the German Government, are stored under guard at the big navy yards at Wilhelmshafen and Kiel, ready to be installed at the break of war in submarines and dirigibles), have given the German type of aircraft an importance undreamed of and unsuspected by the rest of the world.

GUNS ON THE ZEPPELINS.

The operating sphere of the new balloons has extended from one hundred to fourteen hundred kilometres. Secret trial trips of a fully equipped Zeppelin like X15, carrying a crew of twenty-four men, six quick-firing guns, seven tons of explosives, have extended from Stettin, over the Baltic, over the Swedish coast, recrossing the Baltic and landing at Swinemunde, with enough gas, fuel, and provisions left to keep aloft another thirty-six hours. The distance all told covered on one of these trips was 1180 kilometres. This fact speaks for itself. The return distance from Heligoland to London, or any midland towns in England, corresponds to the mileage covered on recent trips.

A REASONABLE ASSUMPTION.

The half-informed man—and there appear to be many such in European cabinets, which recalls the proverb about a little knowledge being a dangerous thing—likes to say that a flock of aeroplanes can put a dirigible out of business. Consider now an aeroplane at an elevation of 6000 feet, and remember that the new Zeppelins have gone thousands of feet higher. An aviator at 6000 feet is so cold that he is practically useless for anything but guiding his machine. How in the world is he or his seat mate going to do harm to a big craft the size of the

Zeppelin that is far above him? Any aviator who has ever gone up, say 8000 feet, will tell you when he comes down what a harrowing experience he has had. What good can an individual be, exposed to the temperature and the elements at such an altitude, in doing harm to the calm, comfortable gentleman in the heated compartments of the Zeppelin? *Quatsch!* which is a German army term for piffle!

A CONVINCING ANSWER.

Aeroplanes, biplanes, monoplanes, and the other innumerable host of small craft so often quoted as a possible counter defence against the Zeppelin, are over-rated, and are in any case theoretical. The German authorities have made vast and exhaustive trials in these matters. The strenuous efforts on the part of this Empire to increase its dirigible fleet are to my way of thinking answer enough.

It seems almost impossible that these various inventions spoken of by Dr. Graves could have been kept secret, but we have the example of the huge 17-inch howitzers, which have been tried for the last five years at Krupps, but about which no breath reached the outside world. We do know that the Germans are steadily building Zeppelins, and we hear of experiments on lake Constance, but of the actual doings of these monster ships we hear nothing at all.

PORTABLE SHEDS FOR GERMAN AIR FLEETS.

Portable airship sheds (says *Popular Mechanics*) that can be erected or taken down quickly have been developed to the stage of practical use by the German Government, and are expected, in case of war, to add enormously to the effectiveness of the air-craft fleet that now forms so important a part in the military and naval armament of that country. The new sheds, which may do away entirely with the revolving stationary sheds now in use, are in the form of an inverted V-shaped structure, and are made of light steel trusses and supporting bents, covered with heavy tarpaulin. By an ingenious arrangement of pulleys the tarpaulin is

easily and quickly drawn over the structure as soon as the steel is erected. The structure is 140 ft. high at the centre, and the sloping steel trusses are placed about 26 ft. apart. The length required in any case is obtained simply by using the proper number of trusses, 25 being

necessary for housing a Zeppelin dirigible safely. The sheds are erected to conform to the direction of the wind, and in addition to their portability, have the advantage of costing considerably less than the stationary sheds formerly used.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FEEDING THE CREW OF A BATTLESHIP.

The Royal has some interesting particulars about the way in which the crew of a Dreadnought is fed. It is no light task, and the cost amounts to something like £30 a day. The officers are allowed exactly the same rations as the men, but they do not eat them. Instead they hand them to the steward, and give him about 2s. a day as well.

The steward disposes of the regulation food allowance as he sees fit, and caters for the officers out of the aggregate. Captains and admirals cater for themselves, independent of the ward-room (senior officers) and gun-room (junior officers). The captain has his meals in solitary state.

The men are fed on a basis of 10d. a day, being given a food ration which costs 6d., and a "messing allowance" of 4d. in cash, which they spend as they like—at the canteen or by purchasing articles from the ship's store at the price these commodities cost the Government, duty extra, if there is any.

Every day in the Navy at midday grog is served out free to all the men. Each man is entitled to half a pint of a mixture of one part of rum to three of water, provided he is over twenty years of age; but he can surrender it if he likes for a money allowance amounting to 1½d. every two days, and a good many do.

Great efforts have been made latterly to feed the Navy well, and a great reform was instituted in 1903 by increasing meals from three to five. They are now: 5 to 5.30 a.m., cocoa; 8 to 8.45 a.m., breakfast; 12 to 1.15 p.m., dinner; 4.15 to 4.45 p.m., tea; 7.30 to 8 p.m., supper.

WHAT WAR COSTS: £3,000,000,000!

All countries will feel the staggering effect of the war for a shorter or longer period, says *The Engineering Review*. Remember that not only are thirty million able-bodied men destroying instead of producing: let us say thirty million pound-a-weekers, on the average, who have to be kept instead of earning their own living, but on top of this loss to

Europe of £30,000,000 a week, there is about £50,000,000 a week pouring out in war costs; and, again, behind that there are interruptions to ordinary commerce caused by invasions, by shipping difficulties, and so forth, amounting to probably some more millions. We cannot total the full stoppage of production and wastage at less than a figure representing about £3,000,000,000 to £5,000,000,000 a year.

WHY TOGOLAND WAS SEIZED

When the news came, shortly after the declaration of war with Germany, that a British force had seized Lome and occupied part of the Togo hinterland, people not unnaturally asked why. The reason is not far to seek, says C. L. McCluer Stevens, in *The Windsor Magazine*. A few miles north of the rail-head at Atakpame, at a place called Kamina, there is situated the biggest wireless station in the world outside Europe. From it, communication could be kept up with Nauy, just outside Berlin, 3450 miles distant, with the other German wireless stations in the Cameroons, and at Windhuk in German South-West Africa, as well as with Tabora in German East Africa, and with the Palaos and Caroline Islands. The big station at Kamina was, in fact, a receiving and distributing centre for messages from Berlin. Through it also German ships in those waters could be warned, and German cruisers instructed. By seizing it we paralysed the wireless heart of Germany in Africa.

THE USE OF DOGS IN WAR.

Major Richardson, the trainer of a famous breed of bloodhounds, writes on the use of dogs in war in *The Boy's Own Paper*. Ambulance dogs, he says,

search for wounded men after a battle. They go out ahead, or on long leads, with the stretchers and stretcher-bearers, and are of the greatest assistance in finding the wounded. Doing duty as messenger or ammunition dog is the most difficult thing of all to teach, and my experience is, that of twenty or more likely looking dogs, only one will prove to be worth training. For carrying ammunition to the firing line dogs are of the utmost service.

CLEARING FOR ACTION.

We are all familiar with the term, "Clear for Action!" but we do not perhaps realise quite what this means. When the fateful words are spoken, says *The Royal*, there follows a period of terrific energy. Everything in the way of gun-fire, such as boat-davits, and chains and stanchions round the edge of the deck, must be cleared away or laid flat.

Arrangements are made to steer the ship from the conning-tower, a heavily-armoured refuge whence the captain will control the ship as soon as she is in action. The torpedo men overhaul their torpedoes, and the gun crews test the electric circuits for firing the guns, look after the ammunition supply, and so forth.

Other men inspect the steering gear, both steam and hand, and the engine-room crew overhaul the engines, raise steam to a good pressure, and get everything ship-shape. Water is placed handy for drinking, and hoses are rigged conveniently for fire-extinguishing purposes.

One of the greatest dangers being from fire caused by the enemy's shells, necessitating the withdrawal of men from their proper stations in order that it may be extinguished, as much combustible matter as possible is thrown overboard. Wooden fittings of every kind, furniture, wooden ladders (replaced by wire ones), are all flung into the sea. Everything possible, such as yards, boat-derricks, etc., is secured additionally, and the decks are cleared completely and flooded with water.

This means that the officers must sacrifice all their own chairs, bookcases, and in fact, all their private property, which is inflammable. After this general clear out the guns' crews take their places, men are stationed by the closed watertight doors, in the magazines and shell-rooms. The doctor and his assistants are ready to tackle the wounded.

BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETIES.

The editor of *The Englishwoman*, dealing with the problem of the care of

the sick and wounded, deplores the lack of opportunity which has hitherto been afforded by the War Office, the Territorial Association, and most hospital authorities for Red Cross Nurses to obtain practical training, with the result that the 70,000 members of the British Red Cross, although they have done all that they were allowed to do, are for the most part unskilled:—

English sick-nursing is the admiration of the whole world; nevertheless, the British Red Cross, compared with the French Croix Rouge, is an assemblage of painstaking, well-intentioned amateurs, its 70,000 eager and enthusiastic members are book-learned, but unpractised; little is demanded of them by the War Office, and their efforts to give more have gone without encouragement.

The Croix Rouge are freely admitted and welcomed into French hospitals, where they get a thorough practical training, and in times of stress such as the present, are most valuable auxiliaries to the professional nurses.

THE FAMOUS GOOSE STEP.

It is customary to laugh at the goose step of the German army, but, like every exercise in their military training, it is designed to increase the efficiency of the soldiers. In "The German Army from Within," by a British officer who has served in it, it is thus described:—

Behind this apparently futile performance there is a serious purpose, for half an hour of this exercise does as much for the muscles of the leg and the abdomen as half a day's route marching. Hence, there is a great saving of time, which may be devoted to becoming proficient in other branches of the noble art of militarism; and to such a materialist country as Germany this is of considerable moment. It is, however, neither interesting to the soldier nor impressive to the onlooker. But remember: it saves time.

Last month we published a photograph which was said to depict this goose step; what it actually does show is the "Hoch-Marsch," an exercise to loosen the hip joints and thus make the soldier springy on his feet. He has to lift the foot as high as the hips without bending forward, that is why he has his hand behind his back. In the goose step, or "Parade Marsch," the outstretched leg is not more than one foot over the ground. When parading, the step is seldom used over a distance of more than a hundred yards.

THE KAISER'S IMPERIAL TAILORY.

Mr. Austin Harrison gives some amusing instances of the Kaiser's efforts to educate Germany, in *The English Review*. At one time, he says, the Kaiser thought he would make a "Rotten Row" of his Avenue of Victory, and establish a "five-o'clock parade" of the kind we are accustomed to "after church" on Sundays round the statue of Achilles. Police orders were given that between 4 and 6 p.m. there would be a *cortège* of elegant vehicles, and that only "gentlemen in silk hats" were expected. The result was comic and dangerous in the extreme. The Berliner, always ready for a new sight, appeared in tens of thousands—all the charwomen, the riff-raff of the town, the idlers, the lower middle-classes with their wives and families, in such masses that the couple of hundreds of police detailed off to guard the "gentleman's parade" found themselves mobbed and powerless, pushed into the flower-beds, knocked against the gleaming statues of the Electors which adorn the two sides of the Avenue, unable to stem the mob of onlookers, not one of whom ever possessed a topper, not one of whom understood this new interpretation of Germanic culture, and not a few of whom issued from the *mêlée* which ensued with broken heads and bloody noses. As a newspaper man, I was present. When I emerged, my silk hat was smashed in; my purse had been stolen; I had a nasty bruise on the forehead; I had to fight my way out of the fray and narrowly escaped receiving a cut from a policeman's sabre. For a week the Emperor tried the experiment of "gentlemanising" Berlin, and then he gave it up. It was one of his many petty failures. The Berlin policeman though he ought to arrest any man not appearing in a silk hat; the Berlin public thought otherwise. So ended one of the strangest of the Emperor's numerous strange fits of political madness, and Berlin had a joke the merrier.

Not long after the "Rotten Row" idea, the Kaiser thought he would establish a "gentleman's" opera-house, so

orders were given that in all the better seats the men were to appear "*in Frack und Weisser Binde*," or evening dress, and all the ladies in *décolletée*. Again as a pressman I went. Nor shall I ever forget the result. When the hour came, copious indeed were some of the openings, but Berlin does not dress for music, and half the ladies had no low-cut evening gowns, and some of them not low enough, while others explained that they were too elderly to appear with "low necks," and others, again, protested that they had not had time to order them.

The scene which followed baffles description.

"But I am too old; I cannot show my wrinkles."

"No matter, madam, orders have to be carried out. Here is a pair of scissors," and, so saying, the obliging official pulled out an enormous pair for the operation.

"Oh, this is too dreadful! Cut my lace! Show my neck! Never!"

Shriek followed shriek, struggle followed struggle, but the victims heard the overture, and, to be sure, there was no redress.

"Let me help you, madam. See, it is quite easy."

Snip went the scissors, off came the lace; snip went the scissors again, now another piece fell off; snip, snip, fore and aft. The old lady covered up her eyes, from which tears began to flow.

"Why, it's a real Parisian frock! Look at yourself, madam!"

The old lady turned to the mirror. What a transformation! The dreaded salt-cellars were showing; the neck she had never bared to a stranger stood out white against a long V-shaped opening. She felt positively ashamed. She had never shown herself so since her wedding. And as she stared at herself in the glass, another attendant tucked in the odd bits, smoothed, arranged, and finally, giving her a pat, opened the side door. Setting her teeth, the old lady, crimson with shame, marched in, like a Grenadier going to the front.

All round the corridors similar scenes were enacted. The young women took it in fairly good part. Was it not their Kaiser's wish? Of course. Berlin was becoming such a "Welt-stadt," propriety had to be sacrificed. Snip, snap! "Oh, look at my neck!" "It's not bad, after all." "What will Hugo say when he sees me so—so low?" So the giggling, the protestations, the tears, the Imperial tailory went on. Bare necks, bare bosoms, bare backs, bare shoulders appeared like magic. Round the buxom girls the attendants flocked and cut like demons, snip, snip, in the Kaiser's name. Soon the corridors looked like the cutting-out room of a big clothing establishment. It was wonderful to see the changes effected, the ease with which low necks were fashioned, the adroitness of fingers pulling, tucking in, rolling up, pinning down. No need for dress-

maids; the German officials performed their office like dragoons. In half an hour all gowns were snipped out and down to the Imperial load line. The doors were closed. Up went the curtain. The attendants appeared with brooms and dust-pans. Long before the interval all traces of the sartorial struggle had disappeared. And I managed to meet the charming lady whose dress I had helped to accommodate, and took her out to supper.

So Germanism was made. So the Kaiser ruled "with God." So All Germany became the gospel of the people, with might for right and country.

None the less, the Opera House policy failed, and in a short time Germans went to the Opera in their day clothes again, just as they refused to wear the "*cylinder*" or top-hat.

NEVINSON ON THE WAR.

A couple of months ago we published an article by Mr. Nevinson, the famous war correspondent, telling about Berlin in war-time. He has written further on the war, and strongly expresses the view that had England not come into it, she would never have been able to look the world in the face again. Of Germany as he found it, Mr. Nevinson says, "The nation itself did not desire war, and certainly the people did not expect it."

It is a rough school under which the German is brought up, and there is no denying its oppressive and brutalising side. Strong and conspicuous individuality is likely to be destroyed under it, and genius seldom emerges. But to understand the German nature we must recognise the long pressure of the fear which is now being realised. Germans fear for their lives, for their rapidly increasing prosperity, for their learning, their schools, their way of life—everything that they call their culture or civilisation. In the Socialist leader's speech there was a friendly reference to "our brothers in France." The mention of Russian despotism was received with tumultuous ap-

plause. That distinction is significant. In all this terrible crisis, almost the only ray of light is the disappearance of the German people's old enmity to the French. What hatred exists is directed entirely against Russia. There is no national feeling against France. That is a signal for future hope.

When I was coming down from the Transvaal to the Natal frontier a few days before the Boer War, General Joubert said to me at parting, "The heart of my soul is bloody with sorrow." I write as an Englishman, who thinks that if we had stood by and watched Belgium violated, and France bled to the white without one effort in their defence, we should never have been able to look the world in the face again. But when I think of Germany and all she has been to us, I say with Joubert, "The heart of my soul is bloody with sorrow." Goethe, reproached for not having written war-songs against the French, once replied:

"In my poetry I have never shammed ('nie affectirt'). How could I have written songs of hate without hatred? I did not hate the French, though I thanked God when we got rid of them. How could I, to whom civilisation and barbarism are the only distinctions of importance, hate a nation which is one of the most civilised on earth?"

GERMANY IN WAR TIME.

The end of this war will come, not through the defeat of the German armies in the field, but because of the internal exhaustion of the country itself. This may compel, it is true, a last despairing military effort, which should be followed by a glorious victory for the Allies, but the credit for this will have to be given not to military strategy so much as to economic causes. It is therefore of the greatest importance for us to know the actual state of affairs in the great cities of Germany. Since the war began our newspapers have reported a parlous state of affairs there, but the accounts given by Americans who have been in the country are more likely to be accurate. They by no means confirm these rumours. Their reports were sent, of course, during the early weeks of the war, and by now the state of things we are depending on may be arriving. Mr. Nasmyth is one of the leading men in control of Carnegie's great Peace Foundation, and his article—from which we make extracts—appears in the New York "Independent." Both he and Mr. Baldwin emphasise the unity of the German people. It is obvious that the doctrine of an inevitable attack by Russia on the very existence of Germany must have been sedulously preached in the Press, and by every means the military clique could control for many years. Thus was public opinion created in Germany, as it has been so often created in every country under the sun.

IN BERLIN.

BY GEORGE W. NASMYTH.

Before I began to see anything in the right proportions in Germany, I had to become accustomed to the new atmosphere. Passing out of the partial vacuum of the English censorship, I drew a deep breath of free air in Holland, which receives news from all sources, and then plunged into the partial vacuum of the German censorship.

From the accounts of Germany which I had read in the English papers I expected to find everything in confusion, the whole economic basis of the country broken up, a half-starved population on the verge of revolution, the railway service suspended, cholera rampant in Berlin, and various other interesting manifestations of a general demoralisation.

But I could discover none of these things. In outward appearance, at least, the Germany which I saw was the same Germany that I had seen at the end of July before war was declared, or at any time during the past three years. A slightly smaller proportion of soldiers was visible in the streets, perhaps, and a slightly larger proportion of women and children. The streets were a little quieter and even a little more immaculate than usual, a tense air of solemnity and resigned sorrow had taken the place of the usual expressions

of cheerfulness and happiness on the faces of the people, but otherwise life was going on much as usual. Instead of a suspended railway service, I travelled in the greatest luxury and comfort on one of the four express trains which are running daily between Cologne and Berlin, as between the other important cities. Instead of unemployment, I found a temporary scarcity of labour, so that women and boys had to be employed temporarily as ticket collectors in the subway and conductors in the street-cars. Instead of a scarcity of food, I found the whole available population, women, boy scouts, and old men, engaged in bringing in one of the largest crops in the recent agricultural history of the country. Instead of cholera and disease raging everywhere, I found the most perfect sanitary arrangements, and the highest medical ability in the service of the state, and a smaller proportion of disease than for many years past. Instead of revolution, I found an absolutely united people, resolved to stand together until the last against the whole world full of enemies, who, as the Germans believe, are resolved to crush the German people and their civilisation, and to dismember the German Empire. Instead of hunger and bread riots, I

found that the wonderful social organisation of the country had been still further perfected through the co-operation of the Government with the Social Democrats and the women's organisations, so that not a single man, woman or child of the whole 65,000,000 was suffering from hunger. The school children were being provided with nourishing food and 5000 people, largely refugees from East Prussia, were being supplied with nutritious meals at ten pfennige (about one penny each) or free of charge if they were without means. The soldiers of families at the front were being paid promptly and the prices of food were normal. The war means a long step toward socialism, of course, for the rich must voluntarily or involuntarily supply the needs of the poor.

No moratorium has been declared in Germany, the banks have not been closed for a single day, and people were re-depositing in the savings banks the money which they had withdrawn in the first days of panic. Some persons were even paying their taxes for 1915 and 1916 in advance in order to help the Government and get the benefit of the 4 per cent. discount which was offered. The extent to which the surface indications correspond or fail to correspond with the economic realities is very difficult to judge. When I asked business men in Germany about the underlying conditions they shook their heads and looked thoughtful, just as business men do in England.

I talked with many of the Englishmen who had been held in Germany at the outbreak of the war, and brought back with me a score of letters from them to their friends in England; all testified without exception to the kindness and courtesy with which they were being treated in Germany—another blow to the impression which I had gathered from the English press.

For the prisoners of war, especially the French, there had been such an outburst of humanitarian feeling, especially on the part of women, that the Government was compelled to issue a

proclamation which I saw posted up in Cologne and other cities forbidding the giving of flowers, champagne, or other luxuries, and stating that all the prisoners of war were being well cared for by the Government.

I saw the whole international situation suddenly turn upside down when I past from England into Germany. Through English eyes I saw the war as an attack by Germany upon France and Belgium, with Russia almost entirely beyond the horizon; through German eyes I saw the war as an attack by Russia upon Germany, with almost all the other countries outside the horizon. In England I travelled in the train with Belgian refugees fleeing before the German invasion; in Germany I travelled in the train with German refugees fleeing before the Russian invasion along hundreds of miles of the eastern frontier. The balance of power, which I saw in England as a defensive alliance against the aggressive intentions of Germany, became there a plot compounded of the Russian determination to break up Austria, the French "revanche" and the English determination to smash the German fleet and German commerce. In England public opinion I saw the war lord as the new Napoleon, determined to bring all the world into subjection; in Germany I saw him as the representative of a united people, defending themselves against a ring of enemies who had long been planning to divide the German Empire, but who had been forced by the assassination in Sarajevo to embark on their course of dismemberment a little earlier than they had intended.

A few things remained right side up. In Germany I found among the leaders of the four million Social Democrats a hatred of Imperialism and Militarism more bitter and more intense than in England or in America (it was strange to talk with men after reading the reports that they had been shot). "But militarism is the worst possible way in which to fight militarism," they said. "It has forced us to make this choice; either we must temporarily join forces with militarism or we must stand by

and see our country overrun by the Russians. Prussianism is bad enough, but we prefer it to Russianism."

I heard everywhere in Germany, as I have been hearing everywhere in England and from America, "as far as is humanly possible, this must be the last war." From all the scores of Germans with whom I talked (business men, leaders in religion and education) I received the same reply to my question in regard to the German demands in case of German victory. "In case of victory we will not ask for one foot of territory in Europe" was the almost unanimous reply, "Alsace-Lorraine and Prussian Poland have been a lesson to us, and it is against the German principle

to have an alien population within our borders." "We are fighting a war of defence, and our chief concern is to secure the integrity of our country."

In England and all the outside world I saw Austria and Germany looked upon as the aggressors, and their policies as the sole cause of this war. In Germany I found that Russia and England were considered the aggressors and the cause of the war: Russia because of her intrigue with Servia to break up the Austrian Empire, and England because without assurance of her support Russia would never have embarked upon her career of aggression.

IN MUNICH.

Much the same story comes from Bavaria, sent by Elbert F. Baldwin, to the *New York Outlook*. He mentions the fact that in London, despite the seriousness of the situation, all the theatres are running, but only one has put on a patriotic play, "Drake." In Munich all the best theatres were closed, and in the few small ones left open serious and soldier-like pieces only were given. He journeyed through those magnificent Bavarian highlands, where the red-tiled hamlets nestle amongst the dark green woods. Old men and women and children are there. "Where are the young men? Gone. The peasant of yesterday, the tiller of the soil, the woodman in the forest, is the soldier of to-day. He went willingly. He went with a look of resolve lighting in his face—aye, and lighting this land. For his was the high resolve to do or die for his country."

Some of the men from the little towns have gone to the front; others have been detailed in the reserve ranks. The reservists of the second line have latterly been arriving in Munich. They came with bags and satchels and bundles of clothes in their hands and dressed in all kinds of queer-looking, vari-coloured, travel-stained, and dusty apparel. Rather clumsily they lumbered along through the streets at first, and then with an increasing springy step, as they are cheered on every hand. A day or two later they reappeared, now in uniform and in ranks. A drill-master was trying to make them march uniformly and smartly.

Already they were marching with a steadier, sturdier swing. Their feet beat time over the resounding pavement. . . . As they march the soldiers sing, in their glorious baritone, as if it were in one great voice: "Heimath," "Die Wacht am Rhein," and "Deutschland, Deutschland uber Alles." Music helps the march. The march becomes less clumsy.

The women, wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, go to the railway station and smile bravely till the train has gone, and then—! He tells how Munich took the news of the earlier victories. No loud hods, no wild excitement. A man turning from reading the bulletin announcing a fresh triumph for German arms, said simply, "But we have hard fighting ahead of us." His was a typical attitude.

If enthusiasm for the Fatherland characterises the reservists and the volunteers whom we now see, how true it was of the regulars whom we saw go to the front three weeks ago. Some of them have just arrived here, wounded. Others will never come back. There are already hundreds of wounded in the hospitals. But they have not come back for good. Ask them if they have, and you will hear on every hand an expression of longing to return to the front. "Ach, ich mochte wieder dort sein" (Oh, I would like to be there again"), you hear. The atmosphere is full of the contagious spirit of defence.

He emphasises the fact, too, that the German people are so united because they are absolutely convinced that the fight has been thrust on them, and is one for their very existence as a nation.

Tasmania as a Holiday Resort.

THE NORTH WEST.

Visitors to Tasmania are strongly recommended not to miss this charming part—especially as a flying trip can be

£1 2s. 9d. Victorian visitors not going to Hobart can make the journey—Melbourne, Burnie, Launceston (or *vice versa*) for £3 9s. 1d., breaking journey everywhere.



THE LEVEN RIVER, N.W. COAST, TAS.

taken at the cost of merely a few shillings above the booking to whatever part may have been the first objective. Naturally, holiday-makers want to know first of all what the cost is going to be, consequently the following information will be found useful. On the 15th of this month (December) the excursions begin, and from that date till New Year's Day the price of a return ticket from Melbourne to Hobart, via Launceston, is £3 19s. 3d. saloon and first rail. For an extra 18s. 9d. the forward or the homeward journey may be varied by embracing the North-western trip, and including the Mole Creek Caves district. From Sydney passengers can travel either direct to Hobart or to Launceston for £4 8s. return, and the excursion return fare from Hobart to Burnie is £2 4s. 9d.; Launceston to Burnie excursion return

STANLEY.

This charming little town is the nearest to Victoria, and Holyman's and the Melbourne Company's boats run direct there. For anyone requiring a quiet rest by the seaside, Stanley would be hard to beat. There are lovely beaches, plenty of sea fishing, black fishing, hunting, drives galore, and everything that goes to make a thorough change from city life.

WYNYARD.

On the river Inglis, 12 miles from Burnie by rail. Plenty of pretty outings round about, and there is scarcely a better place on the coast for fishing.

BURNIE.

A bustling town situated on the slopes of the hills facing the sea. The accommodation is first class; there are beautiful beaches, and plenty of sur-



THE ALUM CLIFFS, MERSEY RIVER, TAS.

rounding beauty spots to which outings are arranged by the local Tourist Association. Burnie is the starting point of the railway to Mt. Bischoff and the West Coast.

PENGUIN.

A quiet little town on the coast a few miles from Burnie. There are two hotels and a number of boarding houses which are always full in the summer season. There are beaches, and some pretty spots within walking and driving distance.

ULVERSTONE.

In common with other coastal resorts, Ulverstone is always full up at Christmas time, and intending visitors will do well to secure accommodation ahead. There are magnificent beaches, the lovely river Leven, with launch trips to be enjoyed, the Gunn's Plains caves, and a list of different drives round about unsurpassable anywhere.

DEVONPORT.

The largest town on the North-west, and a most popular one. The outing to the Bluff and grounds is one that will entice the visitor repeatedly. There is the River Mersey for fishing and picnicking trips, golf links, and various means of making a stay most enjoyable.

LATROBE.

A few miles from the coast on the Mersey. The journey to and from Devonport can be done by launch, motor, or train. The charming Bell's Parade is a monument to the enterprise of the local Tourist Association.

DELORAIN.

A pretty town on the River Meander. The centre of a splendid tourist dis-



BELL'S PARADE, LATROBE, TAS.

trict. Deloraine can be made the headquarters for visitors to Mole Creek caves, and is a starting point for the Great Lake.

MOLE CREEK.

One of the most wonderful tourist districts in Australia. There are half a dozen different caves, all worth visiting; there are gorges and canyons rivalling the Blue Mountains, waterfalls in the midst of wonderful fern scenery, lakes and streams teeming with fish, and outings both near and far.

THE NORTH-WEST TOO GOOD TO MISS.

It has been mentioned that a flying trip can be taken, but the visitor is strongly recommended not to hurry it. All the places mentioned—and many others omitted for lack of space—are worth an extended stay. The climate in summer is almost perfect; there is splendid fishing everywhere, and scenery ranging the whole gamut from charming to magnificent.

TASMANIAN TOURIST AGENCY IN MELBOURNE.

The address of the Tasmanian Government Agency in Melbourne is 59 William-street.

NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

REVIEWED BY HENRY GYLES TURNER.

AUSTRALIAN REVERIES.

Mountains in the Mist: Some Australian Reveries. By Frank W. Boreham. (Geo. Robertson, Melbourne.)

What is somewhat loosely classified as Australian literature has largely taken the form of verse or fiction. There have been some contributions to history, some valuable scientific records of travel, and a few experiments in philosophy and economics. But a volume of essays, deliberately planned, is rare under the Southern Cross. The few volumes of this character that have appeared are mostly devoted to literary criticism, and are largely the work of journalists. I have delved long and arduously in the fields of our local literature, and I can call to mind nothing to which I can compare this book of Mr. Boreham. Glancing at the wide range of the great essayists of the motherland, it may be said Mr. Boreham lacks the profundity of Sir Arthur Helps, the cheerful optimism of Charles Lamb, and the wide grasp of human life in Professor Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ." But perhaps it is unfair to institute comparisons, for the author does not call them essays. He adopts the more modest title of "reveries." And truly they are a voluntary abandonment to meditation on a train of fancies. And they are the fancies of a man who has looked upon Nature with the seeing eye of Richard Jefferies, or his great predecessor, Gilbert White, of "Selborne." He belongs to that happy, but in these days, rather exceptional, type of humanity that—

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

But it is not alone from Nature that Mr. Boreham has drawn his inspiration, much as he loves her, and tenderly as he deals with her works. Every chapter in the book testifies to his wide read-

ing, and many of them bear generous testimony to the mental and spiritual help he has received from minds attuned to his own. Apparently "The Road Mender" has been one of his favourites; it may even have somewhat influenced his style, for there is a pronounced sympathetic unity of aim in the two books. Both have that tolerant outlook on the lapses of the weaker brethren, and both are serenely confident that the great Father never allows any of His children to cry to Him in vain. "Mountains in the Mist" is distinctly a religious book, but not in the ordinary sense in which that phrase is generally used. There are no arguments about Christian evidences, no contemptuous references to the "higher criticism," and no hint of sectarian rancour. The author might be described as one

"Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form"—

and the very undemonstrative confidence in his faith, the gentle, unaggressive certainty, that seems to shut out the possibility of contradiction, while it wins our admiration, seems to carry us, unresisting, back to the days of the Bedford tinker and his Christian hero. It may be safely said that there are not many men in this year of grace who can command their souls so peacefully, against the turmoil and upheaval in the region of theology.

But apart altogether from the religious aspect, or rather, I would prefer to say, the piety which points the moral, the book has many stimulating chapters, provocative of thought, and made interesting by pleasant anecdotes and cheerful personal reminiscences. It is not a book to read through at one sitting, for I take it the main object of the writer has been to induce a flow of thought in others, on subjects which have set him pondering. One of the



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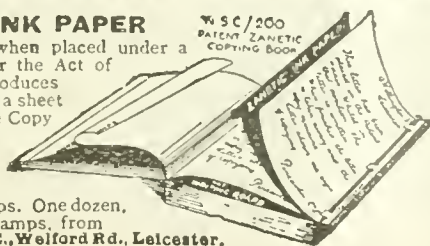
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most delightful of the reveries is that based on Mr. McCubbin's picture of the Pioneers, in the National Gallery. It is a masterpiece in unaffected pathos. The papers headed "The Baby," "The Doctor," "Mount Disappointment," and

"The Poppies in the Corn," may be specially recommended.

It is almost too much to hope for a large sale for a book of this class in our high-pressure, material surroundings, but it deserves a generous recognition.

HOW NEW ZEALAND JOINED THE EMPIRE.

The Treaty of Waitangi; How New Zealand Became a British Colony. By T. Lindsay Buick.

It is a matter for congratulation that a sense of the value of local history is growing up in the Australasian division of the far-flung British Empire. More than one society has been called into existence to collect and to verify records of our beginnings, while there still remains some possibility of disentangling fact from fiction. It is often declared that Australia has no history, because the annals of its settlement, where they are not squalid, are placid and commonplace, a monotonous round of dull material progress. There is some truth in the complaint, although the otherwise barren annals are illuminated by much brilliant work in exploration; by some curious social experiments; and by steady progress in the direction of self-government. There was never anything on the whole continent to stir the martial ardour, except the brief outbreak at Ballarat in 1854. But in the Dominion of New Zealand the annalist has a very different story to tell. Here the white settlers came into contact with a race which represented a higher type of humanity than had hitherto been encountered in the South Seas. Capable men, who have lived amongst them, have borne testimony to the high order of their intellectual and moral faculties, to their fidelity, hospitality, and unflinching courage. There was a certain haughtiness in their dignity, which contrasted forcibly with the degraded crew of escaped convicts and runaway sailors, who in the thirties formed the staple of the white settlers, or, rather, temporary prowlers.

Although the British public gloried in the exploits of Captain Cook, it was notorious that the Government for

long shirked the responsibility of doing anything towards colonising New Zealand. It was in 1770 that Cook hoisted the Union Jack, and took possession in the King's name; but it was not till 1840 that a representative of the British Crown, Captain Wm. Hobson, was sent out to establish a definite form of Government, and to unravel the tangled skein of intrigue, corruption and fraudulent deceit practised on the natives, which had grown up during seventy years of neglect. He was only just in time, for the New Zealand Company, engineered by Gibbon Wakefield, had got there before him, and sought to establish an *imperium in imperio*, and were buying principalities from the natives, at ridiculous prices, paid in goods of their own selection. Captain Hobson's first proceeding was to secure the acceptance of the treaty of Waitangi, so ably and fully dealt with in the volume by Mr. Buick. It was a definite statement to the natives of the intention of the Government, as to which there had been much misrepresentation, particularly by the French missionaries and the unprincipled land sharks. It stipulated that the united tribes of New Zealand acknowledge the Queen of Great Britain to be their Queen. That the Queen acknowledged that the land of New Zealand, for all purposes of private possession, belonged to the native tribes; and, finally, that the Queen would protect the tribes. It was signed on the spot by 46 chiefs, and later on by 512 prominent Maoris throughout the islands. It seems a simple conclusion to arrive at, but perhaps its avoidance of technical detail makes it more assailable by legal quibbles. One thing is certain, that for sixty or seventy years it has been a

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The name of the author is sufficient guarantee of the authoritative nature of the work, but it is interesting to know that the peculiar resources of the publishers have enabled exceptional arrangements to be made for the producing of an absolutely authentic account of the actual progress of the War. For the author has the assistance of many high naval and military authorities.

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bone of contention in Cabinets, Parliaments, and courts of justice; has added acerbity to party politics; evolved much journalistic furore, and has even introduced itself into books or travel by visitors, and other literature. It occupies a large space in Mr. Rusden's history, but it is really not only the Magna Charta of the colony, but the very foundation-stone on which we must build our opinion on the justice of our dealing with the Maoris, through seasons

of terrible warfare that afterwards afflicted the country.

Mr. Buick deals exhaustively with the facts. He purposely and prudently refrains from attempting "to arraign or to defend, the various, real or alleged, breaches of the treaty committed by Governors, or the Government." But he furnishes a complete arsenal for the manufacture of opinions, and his book contains most valuable material for making those opinions worth expressing.

OUTBACK IN AUSTRALIA.

Outback in Australia. By Walter K. Harris, F.R.G.S. (Harris and Son, Newcastle, N.S.W. 5/.)

It is not often the fate of ordinary books of travel, by unknown writers, to reach a second edition in three months, and to be translated into German in the same time. Yet this appears to be the measure of Mr. Harris's success, and while congratulating him on his good luck, one cannot help wondering at the vagaries of public approval. Not any of the standard works of the leading Australian explorers have attained such a distinction. The great work of Mathew Flinders has never been reprinted. The valuable records of Sturt, Mitchell, Eyre, Warburton and Sir John Forrest, retain dates far back in the last century. Perhaps they were too serious, too scientific, or too intent on the great duty they had undertaken to dally with pleasantries, or to import their personal proceedings strongly into their narratives. And here comes forward an optimistic youngster, whose rollicking style and genial personality imports into his narrative that sense of camaraderie which seems to belong to the private correspondence of intimate friends.

It is not that he has anything very startling to tell. No unfolding of the hidden secrets of nature, such as his distinguished predecessors attempted; but a cheerful account of the frontiers of civilisation, rarely visited by tourists,

but by no means inaccessible, or fraught with any dangerous adventure. To the town dwellers in Australia a very large part of the information which the book contains will present phases of life of which they have as little knowledge as the average Englishman. And they are drawn with a free hand and convincing power. In another decade—if the population of Australia grows as it should—the whole scene may be changed, and we shall be glad to have so virile a record of what the country is like to-day.

It is easy to understand the popularity of a book like this in England, where the tide of interest in things Australian is so steadily rising. The narrative flows so easily, the hardships and mishaps are treated with jocularly, and the illimitable openings for a career, such as British boys aspire to, ensure it a warm acceptance. It does not touch the pathetic earnestness of Mr. Gunn's "We of the Never Never," but it runs on the same lines as E. J. Brady's "River Rovers," or Ogilvie's "My Life in the Open" which are devoted to the same theme, and to some extent describe the same country. An air of liveliness is introduced by the many probable and improbable bush yarns, which are handled with a command of the back-blocks vernacular. The illustrations, from photographs, are generally very good, but the book certainly deserves a much better map than the vague outline which has been supplied.

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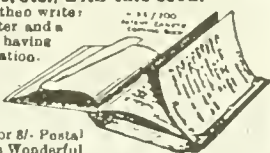
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AGGREGATE BALANCE SHEET

OF THE

Bank of New South Wales, 30th September, 1914.

| LIABILITIES. | | | | ASSETS. | | | |
|---|------------|----|-------------|--|-------------|----|----|
| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
| Notes in Circulation | 287,655 | 0 | 0 | Coin, Bullion and Cash Balances | 12,828,662 | 1 | 7 |
| Deposits, Accrued Interest and Rebate | 36,722,127 | 6 | - | Australian Commonwealth Notes | 1,532,121 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | 37,009,782 | 6 | 8 | | |
| Bills Payable and other Liabilities (which include Reserves held for Doubtful Debts and Amounts at Credit of Investments Fluctuation Account, Officers' Fidelity Guarantee and Provident Fund, The Buckland Fund, and amounts due to Other Banks) | | | 6,594,815 | 13 | 9 | | |
| Paid-up Capital | 3,500,000 | 0 | 0 | Queensland Government Notes of other Banks | 72,598 | 0 | 0 |
| Reserve Fund | 2,450,000 | 0 | 0 | Money at short call in London | 670,000 | 0 | 0 |
| Profit and Loss | 315,729 | 0 | 9 | Investments—British and Colonial Government Securities | 3,026,164 | 0 | 9 |
| Less Interim Dividend to June 30, 1914 | 87,500 | 0 | 0 | Municipal and other Securities | 286,014 | 2 | 11 |
| | | | 228,229 | 0 | 9 | | |
| | | | 6,178,229 | 0 | 9 | | |
| | | | £49,782,827 | 1 | 2 | | |
| Contingent Liabilities | | | | Due by other Banks | 107,465 | 16 | 11 |
| Outstanding Credits, as per Contra | 1,010,346 | 18 | 9 | Bills Receivable in London and Remittances in transit | 3,256,940 | 9 | 0 |
| | | | £50,793,173 | 19 | 11 | | |
| | | | | | 21,779,988 | 11 | 2 |
| | | | | Bills Discounted, and Loans and Advances to Customers | 27,207,838 | 10 | 0 |
| | | | | Bank Premises | 795,000 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | | £49,782,827 | 1 | 2 |
| | | | | Liabilities of Customers and others on Letters of Credit as per Contra | 1,010,346 | 18 | 9 |
| | | | | | £50,793,173 | 19 | 11 |

| Dr. PROFIT AND LOSS, 30th SEPTEMBER, 1914. | | | | Cr. | | | |
|---|---------|----|----------|---|----------|----|----|
| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
| To Interim Dividend for Quarter ended 30th June, 1914, at 10 per cent. per annum, paid in terms of Clause CV. of Deed of Settlement | 87,500 | 0 | 0 | By Amount from last Account | 69,405 | 1 | 10 |
| Balance proposed to be dealt with as follows:— | | | | .. Balance of Half-year's Profits after deducting Rebate on Current Bills, Interest on Deposits, paying Note Taxes, and other Taxes, reducing valuation of Bank Premises, providing for Bad and Doubtful Debts, and fluctuations in the value of Investment Securities; and including recoveries from Debts previously written off as bad | 246,323 | 18 | 11 |
| To Quarter's Dividend to 30th September, 1914, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum | £87,500 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| .. Augmentation of the Reserve Fund | 50,000 | 0 | 0 | | | | |
| .. Balance carried forward | 90,729 | 0 | 9 | | | | |
| | | | 228,229 | 0 | 9 | | |
| | | | £315,729 | 0 | 9 | | |
| | | | | | £315,729 | 0 | 9 |

| Dr. RESERVE FUND, 30th SEPTEMBER, 1914. | | | | Cr. | | | |
|--|-----------|----|------------|--------------------------------|------------|----|----|
| | £ | s. | d. | | £ | s. | d. |
| To Balance (Of which £750,000 is invested in British Government Securities, and £500,000 in those of States where we are represented—in all, £1,250,000. The balance is employed in the business of the Bank.) | 2,500,000 | 0 | 0 | By Balance | 2,450,000 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | .. Amount from Profit and Loss | 50,000 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | £2,500,000 | 0 | 0 | | |
| | | | | | £2,500,000 | 0 | 0 |
| | | | | By Balance | £2,500,000 | 0 | 0 |

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CONDUCTED BY ALEX. JOBSON, A.I.A.

BANK OF NORTH QUEENSLAND LTD.

Comparing the earning power of this bank for the half-year ended June, 1914, with that of the previous year, it is seen that there has been a growth, which, however, is not very marked. The deposits, which now amount to over £1,046,000, were less than £866,000, whilst the bills payable have increased by about £33,000 during that time, and now amount to over £94,000. This gave the Bank something over £213,000 in excess of the money it had in June, 1913. Though this may not be considered anything great in comparison with such increases in the larger banks, yet it is certainly meritorious, inasmuch as the increase represents about 23 per cent. for the year. The net profits of £8479, however, only show an increase of £75, so that it will be seen that the new funds were not wholly profit-earning. This is freely admitted by the directors, for the chairman in his speech said that the bank's progress remains even, and that if no appreciable increase is visible, it is due to their anxiety to cultivate sound business, and at the same time to provide for losses rather than to increase the earning power of the bank. One might be disposed to question why the Board should particularly mention the matter of the "cultivation of safe business," seeing that the necessity that security should rank before profits, is so apparent. However, it has been the practice for a long time past that many boards of directors should treat security as of minor importance when the question of dividends is involved, so that this bank's attitude has been clearly conveyed by the chairman's statement.

The board of this bank has for years past kept to a very conservative policy, and depositors and proprietors should be well satisfied in the knowledge that

their institution is just as strong as any small bank can be. The liquid assets in June, 1914, were over £508,000, whereas in June, 1913, they were under £335,000. Although the liabilities have risen by about 23 per cent., the proportion borne by the liquid assets has risen to 44.5 per cent.—an increase of 8.5 per cent. as compared with June, 1913. The setting aside of so much money for liquid assets precluded any marked growth in the advances. There was, nevertheless, an upward tendency in the advances, which rose by about £32,000 to over £770,000. This small increase will probably account in a large degree for the small increase in profits. By reason of the heavy increase in new money, the margin of assets over liabilities was necessarily reduced, for in June, 1913, there was £120 of assets for every £100 of liabilities, whereas in June, 1914, the proportion was only £117 7s. This figure, however, is very satisfactory, and the decrease is of but minor importance. If business is still to increase, as was the case last year, the strengthening of the shareholders' funds must of necessity be continued if a reasonable margin is to be kept.

The conservative policy of the bank is again in evidence in its allotment of the half-year's net profit. The dividend of 7 per cent. per annum for the half-year absorbed £5688, the balance, almost £2800, being added to the reserves, which, however, really only benefited by under £300, for £2500 was transferred to a contingency account with the evident intention of accumulating some secret reserve. The reserves as published are now more than £35,500, which, together with a paid-up capital of £162,500, makes the shareholders' funds over £198,000, which is equal to about £3 19s. 7d. per share.

THE OVER SEAS CLUB.

OBJECTS.

1. To help one another.
2. To render individual service to our Empire, if need be to bear arms.
3. To insist on the vital necessity to the Empire of British supremacy on the sea.
4. To draw together in the bond of comradeship the peoples now living under the folds of the British flag.

The Over Seas' Club is strictly non-party, non-sectarian, and recognises no distinction of class. Its members reside in all parts of the world *outside* the United Kingdom. Membership is open to any British subject, British-born or naturalised.

Information concerning the Over Seas Club can be obtained from the following:—

United Kingdom.—The Organiser, Over Seas Club, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.

Australia: Victoria.—F. H. Denton, Empire Arcade, Flinders-street, Melbourne.

New South Wales.—Herbert Easton, British Immigration League, 14 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Melbourne.—Mr. Alfred Peters, who has been chairman since the inception of the branch in Melbourne, resigned last month. He was succeeded by Mr. Kyme Hobson. The club owes much of its success to Mr. Peters, who has devoted himself heart and soul to pushing its interests. Another loss to the club is Dr. Barrett, who has left for the front. He was entertained at a farewell smoke night, given by the members of the Over Seas Rifle Club, who honoured Mr. Snowball, M.L.A., at the same time. These two gentlemen have given the club six rifles for miniature rifle practice. Mr. W. E. Williams is captain of the rifle club, which has a membership of one hundred. Of these sixty have passed the eyesight test, and have been sworn in. They drill twice weekly, and for the last few weeks have carried out rifle practice at Port Melbourne every Saturday afternoon. Captain Knowles Miller takes charge of the drill, and Mr. Williams, who, by the way, saw active service in the Boer War, gives instruction in rifle shooting. The first paid secretary of the club is Mr. F. H. Denton, late assistant secretary of the Amateur Sports Club. The present premises are now much too small for the club, and the committee hope to move into more desirable ones at an early date. The Womens' Branch last month removed to temporary premises at the Block Arcade, second floor, room 5, entrance from Collins-street. Under the auspices of the branch, Miss Butler George gave a concert in aid of the Red Cross Fund, which was a conspicuous suc-

Queensland.—Sidney Austen (Hon. State Secretary), Toowoomba.

South Australia.—A. E. Davey, Curriestreet, Adelaide.

Tasmania.—H. T. Gould, J.P., 94 Elizabeth-street, Hobart.

New Zealand.—J. K. Macfie (Hon. Dominion Secretary), 79 Castle-street, Dunedin.

cess. Mrs. James has been elected chairwoman.

Sydney.—Mr. Herbert Easton, hon. secretary of the British Emigration League, has become corresponding secretary of the Over Seas Club in Sydney, and everyone interested in the movement in New South Wales should at once get into communication with him. All correspondence should be addressed to him at 14 Castlereagh-st., Sydney, N.S.W.

Dunedin.—Mr. Macfie, secretary of the Dunedin Branch, as well as Dominion secretary, has, as was to be expected, been exceedingly busy, and the branch has a fine record to show. The branch cabled £50 to Belgium for the relief of the children, and started a Children's Christmas Box Fund for the destitute children of Belgium. This has met with a splendid response. A special committee of ladies of the club approached the Otago education board, suggesting that the children be asked to contribute one penny and not more than sixpence to this fund. The board entered heartily into the matter, and a good deal of the £50 cabled home came from the school children themselves. Needless to say, the club took a large share in the Nelson celebrations on Trafalgar Day.

Other Branches.—The other branches of the Over Seas are all interesting themselves in patriotic work; some, indeed, are so busy that they have not found time to let us know about their doings. Mr. Macfie's idea of a fund for the Belgian children stranded in England this winter is one which other branches might well copy.

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| 1 Arnott's Xmas Oake | 1 lb. Jordan Almonds | 1 Box Bon Bons | 2 Schweppe's Cordials |
| 1 S. & A. Plum Pudding | 1 lb. Mixed Nuts | 1 lb. Palace Tea | (Cloves and Lemon Syrup) |
| 1 Box Figs | 1 lb. Confectionery | 2 Jelly Crystals | 2 Milk Puddings |
| 1 lb. Malaga Muscatels | 1 Xmas Stocking | 1 Custard Powder | Approx. weight, 34 lbs. |

20/- XMAS HAMPER

| | | | |
|------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Arnott's Xmas Cake | 1 Xmas Stocking | 1 lb. Preserved Ginger | 1 Chocolate Blanc Mange |
| 1 S. & A. Plum Pudding | 1 Box Bon Bons | 2 lb. Raisins | Powder |
| 1 Box Figs | 2 Schweppe's Cordials | 2 lb. Currants | 1 Milk Pudding |
| 1 Malaga Muscatels | (Cloves and Lemon Syrup) | 3 pkts. Jelly Crystals | 1 lb. Mixed Candied Peel |
| 1 lb. Jordan Almonds | 1 lb. Universal Tea | 2 lb. Mixed Nuts | Approx. weight, 44 lbs. |
| 1 lb. Confectionery | | | |

25/- XMAS HAMPER

| | | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Arnott's Xmas Cake | 2 lb. Confectionery | 1 lb. Mixed Candied Peel | 2 bts. Schweppe's Cor- |
| 1 S. & A. Plum Pudding | 2 Xmas Stockings | 1 lb. Mince Meat | dials (Cloves and |
| 1 Box Figs | 1 lb. Universal Blend Tea | 2 pkts. Mixed Spice | Lemon) |
| 1 lb. Malaga Muscatels | 2 Boxes Cosagues | 1 pkt. Sponge Mixture | 1 lb. Prunes |
| 1 lb. Jordan Almonds | 2 lb. Currants | 1 pkt. Chocolate Blanc | 3 Jelly Crystals |
| 2 lb. Mixed Nuts | 2 lb. Raisins | Mange | Approx. weight, 45 lbs. |

30 - XMAS HAMPER

| | | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Prime Ham, 10 lb. | 1 lb. Malaga Muscatels | 1 Box Cosagues | 1 pkt. Table Cream |
| 1 Arnott's Xmas Cake | 1 lb. Jordan Almonds | 1 lb. Universal Tea | 1 Xmas Stocking |
| 1 S. & A. Plum Pudding | 2 lb. Mixed Nuts | 1 bot. Schweppe's Cordial | Approx. weight, 45 lbs. |
| 1 Box Figs | 1 lb. Confectionery | 1 lb. Prunes | |

40/- XMAS HAMPER

| | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Prime Ham, 10 lb. | 1 jar French Plums | 2 Xmas Stockings | (Lemon Squash and Syrup) |
| 1 lb. Universal Blend Tea | 2 lb. Malaga Muscatels | 1 Box Cosagues | 1 tin Mince Meat |
| 1 Arnott's Xmas Cake | 1 lb. Jordan Almonds | 1 lb. Preserved Ginger | 3 Milk Puddings |
| 1 S. & A. Plum Pudding | 3 lb. Mixed Nuts | 2 bts. Schweppe's Cordials | Approx. weight, 70 lbs. |
| 1 Box Figs | 1 lb. Best Confectionery | | |

50/- XMAS HAMPER

| | | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Prime Ham, 10 lb. | 1 lb. Jordan Almonds | 1 lb. Mixed Candied Peel | 3 tins Fruit, Peaches, |
| 1 lb. Universal Blend Tea | 3 lb. Mixed Nuts | 3 bts. Schweppe's Cordials | Pears, Pine Apples |
| 1 Arnott's Xmas Cake | 1 lb. Confectionery | (Cloves, Lemon Syrup, and Squash) | 2 pkts. Chocolate Blanc |
| 1 S. & A. Plum Pudding | 2 Xmas Stockings | 4 pkts. Jelly Crystals | Mange |
| 1 Box Figs | 1 Box Cosagues | 2 lb. Preserved Ginger | 3 pkts. Milk Puddings |
| 1 jar French Plums | 2 lb. Raisins | 1 tin Mince Meat | 2 pkts. Ideal Table Cream |
| 2 lb. Malaga Muscatels | 2 lb. Currants | | Approx. weight, 84 lbs. |

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